NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869. | VOLUME XVII.—No. 27. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE BROKEN LINK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

My spirit rejoiced in a beautiful dream,
A vision of hope and delight;
It gladdened my heart with its radiant gleam,
Entrancing my soul with its silvery beam,
And making each dark moment bright.

The past had known sorrow, deception, and care,
But ah! it had not made me wise—
I cherished my dream as a treasure most rare,
Believing it just as it seemed, true and fair,
So blindly I closed up my eyes.

We walked 'mid the flowers; those emblems of trust
Were less fair than the hopes of each heart;
But alas! for the souls that in earthly things trust,
And alas! for those flowers, they've mingled with dust,
And those hopes, too, were doomed to depart.

Soon the glad, merry summer sped on to its close,
And the golden-hued autumn drew nigh,
When the lily had withered, and paled was the rose,
Then my soul woke at last from its halcyon repose,
With a wild and a heart broken cry.

Yes, this morn I awoke; the air-castle fell,
My life found again its lost Real,
Fate, with its weird wand, broke the halcyon spell,
The chimes of the present are ringing a knell,
The knell of my peerless Ideal.

The radiant hope of my life time is gone,
My heart flowers crushed in the strife—
Has envy's false tongue turned my idol to stone,
And doomed me to wander, unloved and alone,
Till the close of the battle of life?

Yet when pass'd are the hours, that once seemed so fleet,
In the dream-land, made real on high,
The parted of earth in new rapture shall meet,
And walk, hand in hand, through the beautiful street,
United, my angel and I.

Be strong, weary heart, each wave of the sea
But tosses thee nearer thy goal,
The rocks feel each wave beat, but never remove,
And so are the bulwarks of God's mighty love,
A refuge, oh spirit, for thee.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17, '69. F. M.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER I.

NORA.

"I love thee, I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say,
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day.

"The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray,
I love thee, I love thee!
Is all that I can say."—Hood.

"Nora, you're a fool—an utter fool! I tell you I will give you all I have promised, and more—I will make a lady of you."

"And I tell you that could you make me queen to-morrow, and lay the wealth of the world at my feet, I should only loathe and despise you more than I do now. How dare you pursue me; a wedded wife, an honest mother, with your wicked words!"

"A wedded wife! Of course you will say that, women always do. You would find the fact difficult to prove, I fancy."

The speaker was a tall, well dressed young man, with a *blase*, languid air, and a handsome but somewhat sinister looking face; and a young woman, scarce past her girlhood, indeed, who wore a wedding ring upon her finger, and held a tiny infant in her arms. She was wondrously beautiful with the loveliness which goes deep down into a man's heart at one blow, and makes it captive forever.

Her complexion was pure and clear with the rosy tinge of health, and she had the rare combination of black, rippling wavy hair, and soft blue eyes, which is often a characteristic of Irish beauty.

Nora Keane was Irish, one of those rare flowers of symmetry and loveliness which blossom sometimes in the mud walled cabins by the roadside.

Captain George Tristraile, leading an idle life in the barracks of the nearest town, found out this lovely blossom, and stretched out his lordly hand to pluck it. But Nora would have nothing to say to him, and held aloof, which only made his passion stronger, though still he met with no response.

Then suddenly Nora disappeared; none knew where she was gone; her father either could not or would not give any explanation of her absence, and Captain Tristraile was obliged to be content in his ignorance. All sorts of rumors were speedily afloat; some said the girl was married, others that she had fled to conceal the consequences of an intrigue with a stranger who had more than once been seen talking to, and wandering with her over the hills near her home.

Others were inclined to believe that she had committed suicide, and that her corpse would one day be found in some of the pools and streams of the neighborhood. This last was only the remark of the ultra-romantic portion of the community; the sharper sighted ones could see that her absence was not a source of much trouble or perplexity to her father; his home was more comfortable, little luxuries were seen there which had not been noticed before, and there were not wanting those who openly said that Mickey Keane was living on the fruits of his daughter's shame. He bore this accusation with equanimity, even when taunted with the fact by Captain Tristraile, who had ridden over from the barracks to inquire about the pretty Norah.

That gentleman was puzzled and angry at losing the lovely girl he had elected to throw the handkerchief to, and, indignant at the fact of being rejected by a peasant's daughter, he vowed in his own mind that if ever he did meet Nora he would be avenged upon her. He met her sooner than he expected, at a time and in a place where he would least have looked for her.

His regiment was transferred to London, and, riding one day down the New Kent road, he saw Nora just entering a respectable house, with an infant in her arms. She was neatly and comfortably clothed, and had an air of gentility about her, very different from what she had been in Ireland, but he was sure he was not mistaken. It was Nora Keane and no other. Allowing sufficient time to elapse, he knocked at the door. A civil looking and tidy woman answered his summons.

"Does Miss Nora Keane live here?"

"No one of that name here, sir."

"But I saw her come in only a minute or two ago; a young woman in a purple merino dress and a velvet cloak, with a baby in her arms."

"That is Mrs. Merton, sir."

"Ah, well, it is the lady I want. I was not aware she was married. Mr. Merton here?"

Well, no, sir, he don't often come. I think he's a traveler or something of that sort; he brought his good lady here not long before the child was born; and he pays for everything most regular."

"I have no doubt; what is he like?"

Very little could be gained from the landlady's description of Mr. Merton, except that he was dark and "foreign looking," but Mrs. Merton was "Irish, and quite the lady."

The captain's lip curled superciliously as he heard the girl he had known only as a peasant described as a "lady;" he forgot what wondrous transformations love can work, and love had been at work on Nora.

"I am a very old friend of Mrs. Merton's," he said, with a disagreeable emphasis on the name. "I will go up to her, if you please."

The woman marked the sneer in his voice and took fright.

"Do you think it is all right, sir?" she asked; "mine is a respectable house, and I shouldn't like to have anything said."

"I'm not going to say anything, my good woman, so don't fear for your house's reputation. I only say that I never heard of the young lady's being married, nor any of the rest of her friends either, I fancy. Show me up to her, if you please."

A most unwelcome visitor he was, as was evident from the frightened start the girl gave as his name was announced. She was hushing her baby when he entered, and her pretty face turned deathly pale as she started up.

"You! You here!" she gasped.

The woman of the house saw this, and she heard the impudently familiar greeting of the visitor. "Well, my pretty one, I have found you at last!" And she drew her own conclusions therefrom.

"Out she goes," she said to herself. "I'll have no such goings on in my house; Ale pretty one, indeed! How many more on 'em, I wonder!"

It was a stormy interview between Nora and her visitor; he sneeringly refused to believe that she was married, and renewed his old solicitations, which the girl indignantly rejected, but refused to give him any explanation.

"I deny your right to question me," she said, irritated beyond bearing by his words and manner, "or the right of any man to intrude upon the privacy of a lady. Captain Tristraile, I wish you a good morning."

She threw the door wide open and waited for him to go, and there was nothing for it but to obey. The landlady was listening on the stairs, and heard Nora's words, and also those of her visitor, who whispered:—

"You may turn me out now, but I'll come again, darling."

He slipped a sovereign into the hand of the landlady, who let him out with a profusion of curtsies, while Nora sat up in her room weeping as though her heart would break.

"We must go from here, acushla," she said, bending over her baby, "and find some place where that bad man won't come. Oh, darlin', darlin', when will you be able to stay with your own Nora, that loves you so dearly?"

The lodgings were paid and she had money, and the next day, saying she was going to join her husband, she left the Kent Road, leaving no trace behind to testify where she was gone. She was not going to her husband, poor girl—he was not in London, and she knew it; she was only going to seek a fresh home till he could come and tell her what to do. She could not live where she would be subject to Captain Tristraile's persecutions.

She made the cabman drive her to one of the large railway stations, from whence, after an interval, she departed in another cab to seek a fresh home. She chose the busy City Road, and, after some little difficulty, obtained a room in a house whose owner asked no questions so long as rent was paid. It was not a nice place, but there was no choice. People looked so suspiciously at her and her infant that she was glad to take the first chance that offered of a shelter. From this place she wrote to her husband to an address he had given her, stating what she had done, and why, and then set herself to wait, as patiently as she could, till he could come or send for her.

But he never came. The letter never reached him. Laid upon the mantelpiece of a merchant's office in Mincing lane, it was accidentally knocked into the fire by a careless clerk, who did not think it worth his while to risk a reprimand by speaking of it, and who told Mr. Merton there were no letters, when that gentleman called in a few days to see. A week later a young lady appeared closely veiled, and inquired if they could give her any information about Mr. Merton. The head of the firm, who could have told her all she wanted, was out, and the flippant clerk, assuming a knowledge he did not possess, informed her in off hand fashion that no one there knew Mr. Merton's address; that letters came there for him, that was all. Nora tremblingly inquired when the last one came.

"Let me see, a week or so, ago, I think."

"And he received it?"

"Certainly. I gave it to him myself."

The poor girl turned away sick at heart, and went to her old lodgings in the Kent Road. The landlady held the door ajar, and insulted her, as only one woman can insult and sting another.

"Indeed Mr. Merton had been there the very day after she went away, and a pretty scene there was with him, and no wonder, poor fellow, his wife (if Nora was his wife), going off like that."

"And what did you tell him?" Nora asked. "Did you tell him what you knew, that I had gone away to avoid Capt. —— the man who came here?"

"Avoid him! Ho, ho!" laughed the woman, sardonically. "I'll tell you what I told the man you call your husband, ma'am; I told him how the gent came here, and how you pretended to be angry with him, but bolted the next day, and that I'd never set eyes on either of you since."

She shut the door as she spoke, leaving Nora trembling on the steps; it was a minute or two before she could realise the full meaning of what the woman had said. Her husband would think she had gone off with another man, and that man one who had pursued her with his importunities long ago in Ireland. Sick and shuddering, she turned away from the house, hopeless and not knowing what to do.

Her money was exhausted, only a few shillings remaining; she had not been provident, fearing no want or difficulty in the future. Her marriage was a secret for the present from every one but her father, and he was far away.

It was the last day of the old year, and want and destitution stared her in the face. She must sell her pretty watch to find the means of life for herself and baby for even a few days, and then supposing her husband did not come, what then?

Wearily she turned her steps homeward through the snow that even London smoke and dirt had hardly tainted; past groups of holiday folks thronging to the theatres, and busy people going home to friends, and glad greetings by happy hearts after their daily toil was over; sad contrast to all these was her lot. No loving husband to welcome her, nothing but loneliness and the knowledge that he whom she had so loved had been made to think her unworthy of his faith and truth.

Very wearily she climbed the stairs to her upper story room, hardly heeding the landlady's snappish remarks about the trouble her baby had been; taking him softly in her tired arms she opened her door, to find there Captain Tristraile. How he had tracked her matters little to our story; he had done so, and was come to renew the solicitations she had fled from so short a time before.

The pursuit of her was an excitement to the worn out man of the world; he enjoyed it as a cat enjoys torturing a defenceless mouse, and he felt sure of victory in the end. He had no true knowledge of women, and much less did he appreciate such a heart as beat within the breast of Nora Keane. Even in the midst of her dire necessity and terror she refused to listen to him. She could not conceal from him that she was in trouble, and he quickly found out why.

TRAVERS AND HIS FRIEND VISIT A MASKED BALL.

See Chapter II of our New Story—"The Loved and the Lost."

"So," he muttered to himself. "Forsaken already. The game is mine, then."

But he reckoned without his host. Nora stood firm, resisting all offers of help or counsel, and baffled at last he rose to go. He did this somewhat suddenly, and Nora wondered in the midst of her thankfulness. She did not see him twitch a letter out of her workbox, the last she had received from her husband. He had recognized the hand-writing, or thought he did, and he was not mistaken. He went to the nearest public house, and, calling for something to drink, sat down to read the paper he had purloined. The hand-writing was peculiar, and he was right in believing that he knew it.

It was that of one whom he had met in Canada two or three years back, and who, though much younger than himself and a civilian to boot, had managed to expose him in a nefarious card transaction, and leaving a stigma upon his name he had not been able to shake off. It was a long letter, such as a man who loves sincerely would write to the woman he has chosen from all the world, but only the ending had any interest for him.

Only a little longer, my darling, and you shall take your true name and place in the world, and then you will forgive me the false pride which prompted me to wait until I could present to my brother and his wife a lady. My own Nora need fear no comparison between her and Mrs. O'Grady now. Gusty's "Angel," as he calls her, and she is well worthy of the name, is a dear creature, and will be a sister to my darling when I am far away. I had a note from the Dingle this morning; poor Gusty is in great trouble. Angel is very ill, and they fear the worst. He implores me to go over at once; of course I shall come to you first and see you and my boy, who, if anything happens at home, will be heir presumptive to all the family honors. But I trust poor Angel will live, and the expected scion of the house of O'Grady prove a boy. I am content that I and mine shall be younger sons forever so that God spares my brother any sorrow. I enclose money, dear, ten pounds—I think that will be enough till I see you. I have got a copy of our marriage certificate, and you will remember the church, St. Chad's, Dublin, so that all will go right. I shall see you in a week from this, and shall get a letter within four and twenty hours, if you send to Haddon & Co.'s, Mincing Lane, as usual. Kiss the boy for me, darling, and believe me,

Your own loving,
H. O'GRADY.

"So it is his heart-strings my fingers have got amongst, is it?" the captain said to himself when he had read the letter. "I owe you a long grudge, Horace O'Grady, and, by the heaven above me, I'll pay it now! Your wife, is she? The poor little fool—and a secret from your proud, respectable brother. She let out that the old cat she had left suspected her of running off with me. I'll make all the world believe it, too, before long. I'll go on another tack with you to-morrow, my virtuous married lady, and if I don't make Horace O'Grady smart for that unforgotten insult my name's not George Tristraile!"

But the morrow was not to come yet on which he was to meet the wife of the man he hated.

CHAPTER II.

"FIRE."

"The maniac Fire is loose, who was so tame;
When little children looked into his face.
He laughed and blinked within his prison grate.
His fit is on, the merry blinking elf
Has rushed into a crimson, hungry fiend.
Now he will seize a house, crush in the roof,
And hop and dance above his prey."
ALEXANDER SMITH.

There was a masquerade at the Eagle on that last night of the old year, and lights gleamed, and music sounded, and the hum of grateful voices and light laughter floated out upon the still air. The snow lay white and thick upon the dancing platform, but the ball and supper rooms and all the covered promenades were alive with maskers. All grades were represented there, from the rollicking shopman and city clerk to the languid West End swell, who had just strolled in to see how the "common people" amused themselves.

More akin to the last named race than to the others were two young men in plain evening dress, who were lounging arm in arm through the gaily dressed crowd. They had come there purely out of curiosity. They were neither of them what is termed fast, and they were deaf to all the solicitations that reached them continually, to stand suppers or bottles of champagne to the gaily dressed and empty headed butterflies that flitted every moment across their path. They ate and drank and looked on till the scene palled upon them, and, after the fashion of the *ennui*, pulled out their watches repeatedly.

"Two o'clock," said the taller of the two, with a yawn. "We have had almost enough of this, Travers. Let us go."

"With all my heart. They are getting too noisy for my taste. We shall find cabs in plenty at the gate."

Plenty of cabs, with expectant drivers, waiting to carry off the guests from that noisy festival. They hailed the best looking hansom, but ere they could enter it the red glare of a burning house shot up into the sky, and hoarse voices shouted, "Fire!" even into their very ears.

"Hullo! There's a pretty beginning to the New Year for some one," said the gentleman whom his companion had addressed as "Travers." "Drive us to the scene of action, Cabby. I rather like being in at a good fire. I hope it's no poor people being burnt out of house and home, this cold night."

Just what it was. One of the high houses which stand back from the street, with long, narrow gardens before them—fine mansions once—lodging houses, for the most part, now. It was filled from top to bottom with separate families, whose shrieks and lamentations were terrible to hear, as the fire drove them from their houses, and seized on all their worldly goods with devouring rage. The conflagration had reached its height when the two gentlemen arrived on the spot, and the excitement was intense, for a horrid rumor ran through the crowd that some one was perishing in the top story. The escape was there, but all too short, the tallest firemen, standing on the top rung of the ladder, could not reach with his finger tips the sill of the window, from whence, a moment since, shrill screams had issued.

All was still now, and volumes of smoke poured from the open casement, telling that another minute or two would make escape impossible. But London firemen, God bless them! hold nothing impossible, and don't know the meaning of fear. Before the gasping crowd could realise what was being done, a second man, shorter and slighter than the one who stood so still at that dizzy height, scrambled up the escape, and with a coil of rope in his hand, stood just below his fellow hero. A moment's colloquy between the two, a spring, and he was on his shoulders and had disappeared through the window.

Was he gone to death? The crowd gave a shuddering sigh, the excitement was too great for shouting, and the five seconds that ensued seemed like so many long hours. In almost as little time as it takes to tell it, he reappeared, a white, inanimate form in his arms, and a bundle between his teeth. The man underneath the window held up his hands, the bundle was dropped, gently lowered into the escape to come out at the bottom a living baby, unhurt and yelling with all the power of infantine lungs. But the crowd scarce heeded it, or whether the policeman who held it nursed it head or heels uppermost, so absorbed were they in their breathless watching of what went on above.

It was a narrow escape for all three, who depended upon that coil of rope and that dizzy ladder, but it was admirably managed. Steady of eye and hand, and firm of foot, they set themselves to their business with a will; the insensible form was steadily lowered by the aid of the rope, and safely deposited in the canvas slide to be guided down by the man who had received it from his fellow. Then the one who had so nobly risked his life sprang over the window sill, hung by his hands a moment to make his balance sure, and dropped himself into the ladder.

Another moment and he was in safety, and then the pent up feelings of the spectators burst forth in a shout that rang for miles through the stillness of the night. Men waved their hats and hurrahed, and women sobbed and wept as the young hero of the noble act emerged safe and hot on the pavement. One of his mates took his hand in a hard grip.

"I thought it was all up with you, Bill," he said. "God be thanked."

The other returned the hand shake and they turned again to their duties. There were no more lives to be saved, every one was out of the house, but the fire was unsubdued yet, and plenty of hard work was to be done. While all this was going on, George Travers and his friend, Wilford Masterton by name, had pressed to the front by dint of a good deal of pushing and a little bribery, when they encountered a policeman.

They were close to the burning house when the baby came down the escape and was taken up by a policeman, who awkwardly tried to straighten the blanket it had been rolled in, whilst they waited to see if its mother would reach the ground in safety.

"Poor little devil!" said Masterton, compassionately, "it is frightened to death; how it roars. Look out, Travers, here's the woman!"

The tall escape bent and swayed as the double weight came rustling down, and the woman and her deliverer were drawn out at the bottom by ready hands.

"She's dead, I doubt," Masterton said, as the white figure was tenderly wrapt in a blanket, and for a moment laid down.

"Not a bit of it, sir," said the fireman; "only a bit stifled see, she's opening her eyes!"

She was, and looking wildly about her; presently uttering a moaning cry:—

"My baby, my baby!"

Travers, from the first sight of her insensible face, had stared at her like a man in a dream; the sound of her voice seemed to break the spell and he sprang forward, exclaiming:—

"Good God, Nora Keane! Mrs. O'Grady!"

"Mrs. *who?*" his friend inquired. "Do you know her?"

"Of course I do; help me to get her away from here; I know this lady, policeman, and will find some place to take her to. Where's the baby?"

A cab was procured, and Norah placed therein, Mr. Masterton awkwardly holding the bundled-up infant on his knee, which luckily had cried itself to sleep. Nora was exhausted and faint, and neither stirred nor spoke.

"Where are you going, Travers?"

"By Jove, I hardly know; I must find some place for her. O'Grady is not in London, I know. How the deuce came she in the City Road, I wonder? I have it—my old nurse lives in the Edgware Road; I'll take her there; she'll be sure of rest and comfort, at any rate, and she'll be able to tell us what we can do for her to-morrow."

"To-morrow! to-day, you mean—it is four o'clock now."

A kind, tidy old woman in New street, Edgware Road, roused up with alacrity at the summons of her foster-son, and a bed was prepared for Nora and her infant, tea made, and all the little matters attended to that women know so well how to manage before she had been in the house an hour.

"I shall stay here till she is able to see me, Masterton," Mr. Travers said, when the bustle of their arrival was over; "don't let me keep you!"

"Don't imagine that I am going away without being a little more enlightened," Mr. Masterton retorted. "I thought myself your bosom friend, and yet I find you have a secret. You go to a fire, pounce upon a pretty woman in a night-gown, call her first Nora Keane, and then Mrs. O'Grady, and then carry her off to remote regions in a cab. Do you imagine I played dry nurse to that young monkey in a blanket all these miles for nothing?"

"It is a very simple affair—that lady s what I called her, Mrs. O'Grady, Horace's wife."

"Horace! Ratty O'Grady married?"

"Even so. I have let the secret slip, and you must not betray it."

"Trust me. But who was she?"

"A peasant girl off the next estate to his brother's—a nice creature, but no match for an O'Grady."

"And the squire knows nothing about it?"

"Not a word."

"Phew! There'll be a pretty scrimmage when he does—he's a great stickler for caste and its obligations."

"Yes; and it is more than probable that he may have no heir. His wife, they say, is dying."

"Then, may be I've had the honor of nursing the illustrious heir of the house. Ratty O'Grady married! Who'd have thought it?"

It was true—the wild Ratty O'Grady of former days (Mr. Horace, as his brother's tenants called him now) was the husband of pretty Nora Keane, and George Travers had been a witness of the ceremony. Ratty's wilfulness in boyhood had developed into impetuosity as a man, but he was warm-hearted and generous, enterprising and active, and in a fair way to make a name and a place for himself in the world. He had fallen in love with Nora, with all the hot-headedness of his nature, but his love was staunch and enduring, and she returned it fully.

Travers gave his friend the details, and bound him to secrecy as they sat together in the little parlor, and his curiosity satisfied, Masterton left. When Nora awoke refreshed from the exhausted sleep into which she had fallen, Travers sent to know if he might see her, and, borrowing some wraps from the old lady, she went down to him.

She was terribly weak and wasted, and cried hysterically as she told him all that had befallen her—how Captain Tristraile had persecuted her, and how, in flying from him it appeared as though she had run away with him.

"Tristraile is a scoundrel!" Mr. Travers said indignantly, "he always was. It will all come right, my dear Mrs. O'Grady. I will find Horace for you, and, in the meantime, you can stay here, or I will seek a fresh lodging for you, if you would prefer it."

Nora thanked him with all her heart, and accepted a small loan from him, till, as he said, he could communicate with her husband. It seemed to her, poor girl, as though he had dropped down from the skies to assist her in her extremity, and save her from the odious persecutions of Tristraile, and she resolved to wait patiently and leave her fortune in the hands of George Travers.

She had only seen him once since her marriage, but she knew him to be the most intimate friend of Horace, and as good as he was generous. She had nothing to fear in the house of his old nurse, and many days could not pass before everything was cleared up and her husband restored to her. Captain Tristraile was abroad early for him on New Year's Day, determined to follow up his unmanly pursuit of Nora Keane, as he persisted in calling her.

"She has no money," he said to himself; "I found out that much at least; she must yield in time, and then, O'Grady, we shall be quits at last!"

His astonishment was great to find only smoking ruins where he had left a flourishing house, and he eagerly inquired of the bystanders what had become of the inmates, and whether any one had been killed.

"Well, yes, there had been one death," the foreman in charge replied; "leastways, 'twas a gal had jumped out of one of the back windows, with a child in her arms, and got smashed awful. No one found it out till some time afterwards, and the mistress of the house was a good deal injured—it was thought she would die."

This was all; no one seemed to know who the girl was; she was in the dead house of the nearest police station, and no one had claimed her. "The landlady was always changing her lodgers, and this was a fresh one," the neighbors answered.

Tristraile made many more inquiries and heard the whole story of Nora's escape from a sympathising policeman, but that functionary spoke of the gentleman who came so opportunely as her brother, which idea had grown into the people's heads, as curious notions will, without rhyme or reason.

"The person I am seeking had no brother," he said, when he had heard the story.

"Ah, then it can't be her," the man replied. "I'm sure 'twas her brother, and he called a cab and took her home, and the other gent a minding the baby as nat'ral as if it belonged to him."

"That can't be Nora," said Tristraile to himself. "Where is she; the other one."

"The dead body, sir? At the station house; leastways, unless any one has claimed it, which aint likely, I think, yet awhile."

Claimed it! There was no one to claim the poor corpse that lay there neglected and forsaken of all; no friendly hand to straighten the once lithe and slender limbs for their last rest. Tristraile was no squeamish man, but he sickened as he looked. The slight frame was arranged in the nightclothes in which the poor girl had been aroused from her sleep, to stard face to face with death in its most terrible shape; the thin hand, all soiled and cut, still bore the bright wedding ring; the long, rippling black hair, all tossed and tumbled, lay on the hard pillow, but the face! Not all the holy love which heaven permits man to retain upon earth as a foretaste of the joy hereafter could have recognized a single feature! The girl had come crashing down face foremost, and the result was unrecognisable horror!

The baby was comparatively unscathed, but one baby corpse, except to a mother's eyes, is too like another to have any distinguishing features. The heartless man turned away with a shudder; the wreck of beauty and grace was too much for even him to contemplate unmoved.

"I will communicate with the lady's friends," he said; "they are in Ireland. In the meantime let every thing be decently done."

He left his name and address, and some money, at the office, and went to seek the landlady of the house. She was much hurt, and somewhat incoherent in her speech, but avowed that the dead girl was her last new lodger.

"No good, I daresay," she rambled on, "but decent and quiet: I took her in because she seemed in trouble—so she is gone! Ah, better her than me in all this pain!"

Nothing more could be made out of her, and Captain Tristraile returned to barracks, firmly persuaded that he had provided for the decent interment of Horace O'Grady's wife and child.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE DINGLES.

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand;
Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across the greensward bound
Midst shade and sunny gleam,
The swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream."—HEMANS.

The old year waned in sorrow and trouble at the ancestral home of the O'Grady's. No longer Neck-or-Nothing Hall, with a riotous, unruly household, it was the very *beau ideal* of a gentleman's country house. The careful supervision of Gustavus O'Grady's minority, and the steady friendship of Edmund O'Connor and two or three other gentlemen, who had pitied his neglected boyhood, had released the estate from its encumbrances and made him an independent, well-to-do gentleman.

The Dingle was the new name of the house, a name bestowed upon it by Miss Angeline Somers, a young English lady, who had paid it a visit with Mrs. O'Connor. Gustavus O'Grady had adopted both the name and the bestower of it, and laid his hand and fortune at the feet of the fair stranger. Angeline was an orphan with a small property of her own; there were no friends to say nay on either side, and after a brief courtship they were married.

Many girls would have objected to the presence of the dowager, Mrs. O'Grady, in the house, but Gustavus loved and respected his weak minded, but affectionate mother; and Angeline strove with all her might to do so as well. Nor was the task difficult; her mother-in-law was a very different person from the harassed, querulous lady of old days. She dressed neatly, and her really fine face was no longer puckered with the fretful wrinkles called up by the continual worry of bad temper and exaction.

She was still as loquacious and as proud of her housekeeping as ever, but there was something to be proud of at the Dingles now, and it did her no harm to show her well arranged house. She loved her daughter in law dearly, and her little grandchild, a toddling girl of three, who was the pet and plaything of the entire household. Angeline had been, from the day of her marriage, truly what her husband called her, his "Angel." Hers was one of those loveable and loving natures that seem to bring sunshine wherever they go. There was but one drawback to their married happiness, her health.

A baby boy had followed the little Lina, as the second Angeline was called, to distinguish her from her mother; but alas, he only came to "see the light and leave it," and his breath had well nigh cost his mother her life. Nora, another infant, was hourly expected, and the life so dear to them all lay trembling on the balance between time and eternity.

Gustavus O'Grady paced the comfortable drawing room in an agony of excitement and terror, and Miss O'Grady sat in an easy chair by the fire, with the silent tears dropping over the work that lay in her lap. Few who knew Augusta in former years would recognise her now. With her altered fortune all the womanly qualities in her nature seemed to spring up and show themselves, and though she still retained the shortness of temper which was her principal failing, her ungracious qualities had ripened into gentle and ladylike maturity.

An old maid, yet with none of the peculiarities of that much maligned sisterhood, Miss O'Grady was the best dressed, best mannered person for miles round, and commanded the sincere respect, if not the warm love, of all who knew her. Her brother's household loved her dearly. She was at once a dear friend and wise counsellor to Angeline, and the stay and support of her brother.

Opposite to her sat her brother Horace, moody and abstracted. His brother had summoned him in a terrified telegram to see Angeline "once more," and though his heart was touched, between rage and grief, he obeyed the summons, intending to return to town on the morrow.

That the wife he had married in secret had fled from him he had no manner of doubt, the woman's story was so clear. She could recount all the endearing words Tristraile had used, and she built up a very probable tale wherewith to torture him. Anyway Nora was gone, had left him without a word, and he was full of mad desire for revenge, which he could neither repress nor speak of to any one. Gustavus was too much occupied with his own trouble to mark his brother's preoccupation; his sister noticed it, but had as yet no opportunity of speaking to him on the subject.

She was watching her eldest brother, and the sad and troubled workings of his face wrung her heart.

"Gusty, dear, sit down," she said at length, going up to him and laying her hand on his shoulder. "Try and take a cup of tea."

"I can't," he replied in the short, sharp tones which sorrow gives the voice, "I should choke!"

He stopped in his restless promenade and sat down, burying his face in his hands.

"Oh, my Angel! my Angel!" he moaned; "have we loved so truly to be parted like this?"

"Hope still, dear," said his sister, encircling his curly head with her arm till it lay against her bosom; "it is very early yet, but there's hope yet."

"I can't hope, Augusta! What time is it?"

"Just twelve, dear; hark, there go the bells. I wish I could say a 'Happy new year.' God grant it may prove so."

"Stop them for Heaven's sake!" he said, shivering, as the peal from the little church came sharp and shrill upon the still, night air. "Joy bells, and my Angel, perhaps, dying! Send and stop them, or they will drive me mad!"

"Try and take them as a good omen instead," his sister said, ringing the bell, and dispatching a servant to the church, where presently the lively ringing stopped, to be changed, perhaps, into a knell ere day-break for the young mistress of the Dingle.

Scarcely had they ceased when Mrs. O'Grady entered the drawing room. She looked pale and worn, as if with long watching, and her son started up impatiently.

"Not yet, my boy," she said; "you must have patience for awhile."

"Patience! Don't talk of patience when I am on the rack. How is she?"

"All is well *as yet;* she is too weak to talk, we can only pray for her. I want you upstairs, Augusta. Don't despair, my boy, your white face wrings my heart."

The mother and daughter left the room, and the brothers were alone. There was, as there always had been, a striking difference between them; Gustavus was fair and blue eyed, with brown curly hair, rather inclined to stoutness, but with a manly, well knit frame. Horace was dark of skin, with black hair and peering dark eyes. He was much slighter than his brother, with lithe, sinewy limbs and remarkably small hands and feet, but powerful of frame, and expert at all things requiring strength and skill. He was the idol of all his brother's tenantry; to the elderly folks he was still "Master Ratty," bold, daring and mischievous; to the younger portion, who did not remember his boyhood, he was Mr. Horace, whose travels and exploits made him a kind of demi-god in their eyes.

More than the usual amount of brotherly affection existed between these two; the death of their father had been the first great bond between them, and it had gone on, growing in love and strength, ever since the sad night when they buried his poor corpse out of reach of arrest and insult. Gustavus stopped in his excited walk and laid a gentle hand upon his brother's shoulder, startling him from a reverie as it seemed.

"Ratty."

The old familiar name was used between them still, and the younger brother looked up with sympathising eyes into his brother's white and working face.

"Gus."

Their hands met in the long clasp which in men tells so much, and then Horace spoke again. "Don't give up hope; Gus, cling to it, hold it fast. Heaven will not try you as deeply yet."

"I can't hope, my heart seems dead. Ratty, if the worst comes, you'll have to keep up the old name; you must marry, lad, and rear up kin for the O'Grady's."

"Marry!"

He did not see the white change which came over his brother's face, or mark the shudder which passed through his frame, as he again turned to the fire.

"Ay, marry, look out for a good wife, and settle down near the old place; bring up your children among the people as I hoped to do, God help me."

"As you will yet, brother," continued Horace, in a

thorough honest tone. "Why do you anticipate evil? Why do you talk to me like this?"

"To whom should I talk if not to you?" said his brother, in pained surprise. "You and I should be one heart, Ratty."

"And are, I hope, but I shall never marry; don't talk of it. I'm not hard nor cold, Gus, but my heart is wrung; if you would not drive me mad, don't talk of love and marriage to me, don't!"

"Forgive me, you are in some trouble, I see; I have been selfish in my own grief, and have not noticed it. Will you confide in me?"

"Not now; not to-night. One o'clock! how slowly the time passes when sorrow slips its wings. Ah, here is the mother!"

"The mother," had somehow or other become the familiar appellation by which the elder Mrs. O'Grady was designated by her children, and it fitted her well. She looked every inch the woman a strong man loves to call "mother." Her hair, snowy white now, was banded over her forehead under a cap as white.

Augusta took care of her toilet, and saw that no flaunting colors or odds and ends of youthful vanity, which make old age so unlovely, should creep into her attire. Soft black satins, varied with grey and purple, for state occasions, and relieved with the whitest and prettiest of muslins and lace. Her lips were quivering with agitation, and the rare tears from aged eyes were on her cheeks as she came silently up to her sons.

"Mother, speak!" said Gustavus, his own voice sunk to a hoarse whisper, with emotion. "How is she?"

"Come!" was the answer. "She is asking for you."

She drew him quietly away, leaving Horace brooding silently over the fire. He sat in the same attitude for a long hour, heeding nothing, though his sister and the servants who were up, came in and out. More than once Augusta spoke to him, asking him to have something to eat, but he would not, and only said—

"How is Angel?"

"We cannot tell yet; she is sensible, and that is all. The child is alive.

"Boy or girl?"

"Boy."

"God grant it may live, and its mother, too; tell her I pray for her and it."

"I will. Ratty, dear?"

"Well?"

"Something is troubling you, what is it?"

"What should trouble me?"

"That is for you to tell me; I saw it in your eyes the moment you came into the house. Is it anything that I can help you in?"

"Neither you nor any one. Mine is a sorrow I must bear alone." Then, seeing her pained face, he added, "Forgive me, Augusta, and don't ask me anything to-night—you shall know all soon."

She kissed him tenderly and left him. She was wanted up-stairs, where they were watching by Angeline's couch. It was hard to tell whether it would be life or death for either mother or child, and the clergyman had been sent for, as he had once before, to baptise the new-born heir. Then the water had scarcely touched the infant's face and made it a member of the Church on earth, before its eyes closed forever on its hour of life, and it had become a sinless candidate for a place in the Church in heaven.

Its loss had been deeply mourned, and it seemed as though this second little cherub had only come to show the sorrowing parents how fair a gift God could bestow and then resume to Himself.

When the clock struck two Horace O'Grady opened the window and looked out upon the snow covered town. A very different prospect was before him now from the one presented by the ground in his father's life time; no broken fences, hacked trees and ill kept grass now; everything was neat and trim as everything should be round a gentleman's house, and the winter moon, shining down clear and bright over all in peaceful stillness, gave a new charm to the quiet landscape around.

"What a change!" Horace thought to himself, "since Gusty and I tormented poor Furlong down at the bridge yonder. How much has happened since then! Oh, Nora! Nora!"

The thought of his fair young wife in her purity and beauty rose into his mind, causing, as bitter thoughts will, a sharp physical pang, as though his heart would break. He thought over all that has happened, of her disappearance, and the landlady's wickedly garbled story. Alas, it seemed to him too true, and he cursed Tristraile with all his heart. He knew him for his bitter enemy ever since he discovered his card sharping in Canada, and he could not doubt the truth of what he had heard.

"Let me meet him once, only once!" he murmured, "and his life or mine shall pay for this dishonor!"

A low, wailing cry came borne across the tree tops on the breeze; he looked anxiously around but saw nothing, no human creature was stirring within sight, and he stepped out of the shadow of the house into the bright moonlight.

Then again came the wail as of one in mortal terror, and then a beseeching voice, "Horace! Horace! Help! help!"

It was Nora's voice as surely as he ever heard it, and crying:—"I'm coming, dear, coming, where are you?" he sprang through the snow towards the place where he fancied the sound proceeded.

But ere he had gone many steps, an unutterable awe fell upon him; the voice, though shrill and clear, had sounded far off, in the air, as it were, not from any place that he could reach, and a cold perspiration stood upon his forehead. He called again and yet again, and searched all round the lawn, but found no one, and with a new fear upon him, turning his heart more cold than ever, he re-entered the house."

"She is dead!" he said to himself, "and it was her spirit that spoke. I shall hear news of her to-morrow."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AQUATICS.

ROWING AT PATERSON, N. J.

On Thursday afternoon, Sept. 30th, that beautiful sheet of water in the environs of Paterson, yclept Lake Dundee, was the scene of a single and double scull race, which attracted, as is usual with the aquatic events of that locality, a large crowd of the lovers of rowing sport. The first race, for a prize of a silver cup, presented by the President of the Cedar Lawn Railroad Company, was for double scull boats, distance two miles, with one turn, starting from Sherwood Island and rowing up toward the dam. The contestants were to have been the Dundees, represented by George H. Low and James A. Beckwith, and a crew from the Lake in Faverty Boat Club, of Hackensack, N. J. But in consequence of the latter being unable to procure a boat in time for the race, their places were supplied by T. C. Oakman and Mortimer Clark, members of the other boat club located on Lake Dundee, styled the "H. M. A. A." These are deserving of praise for entering in a race without any previous preparation to speak of, but simply to make up the race. The necessary preparations having been made, the boats were called into line, and at the word a good start was made. The contest is easily described, as the Dundees had the race "easy enough," took the lead early after the start, and maintained it without extra physical exertion all over the course, coming in winners in 18 minutes 8 seconds. The H. M. A. A's, with Captain Wragg, "Willie Collins' pleasant creation of fiction, coming home about twenty-three seconds astern.

The single scull race was between Isaac Newton, Jr., of the Dundee Club, and S. E. Purdy, of Rutherford Park, distance two miles, for a gold medal. In this trial the latter was plainly overmatched, which fact became perfectly transparent ere fifty yards had been pulled. Newton had a "walk over," and rowed past the island, on his return pull, the easiest of winners, in the good time of 16 minutes 55 seconds. Purdy was 17 minutes 42 seconds. All the contestants rowed in paper shell boats. Judges, E. T. Bell and John H. Hopper. Referee, C. J. Thoms.

THAT FOUR OARED CHALLENGE.—The only crew which have paid any attention to the challenge from a Boston tour in a former issue, are the Worcester crew who send us the following report of their negotiations:—

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 1st, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—In the CLIPPER of the 18th ult. there appeared a challenge signed by P. McNulty, Thomas Dolon, Andrew Connors and Andrew Mulhearn, offering to row any four men in the United States a six mile race on the Charles River Course, Boston, for $500 a side. We, the undersigned, crew of the Stephen Salisbury, Jr., did accept to row the above crew on their own terms, except that the race should come off in Worcester, Lowell or Springfield, in three weeks after signing articles. As, however, the Boston men persist in having all their own way in the matter, and have distinctly refused to row us except on the Charles River Course, we wish to state that we will pull any crew in the United States for $500 a side. We will give $50 to come here and row us.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD, J. J. O'LEARY,
C. J. BRANNIGAN, T. LEARY.

BROWN AND SADLER.—On Thursday of the present week, 7th inst., the sculling match between Walter Brown, our champion oarsman, and Joseph Sadler, is to be pulled from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames. The odds were largely in favor of the Englishman, at last advices, which is not to be wondered at, but our representative has enlisted the sympathies and secured the support of a number of the Thames watermen, some of whom, it is stated, regard his chances as "good enough for their money." Harry Kelley, we hear, has evinced his confidence in Brown's superiority by finding half of the latter's share of the stakes, and if this is so it is a good sign, for Kelley is well posted, and has had every opportunity to form a correct estimate of the relative powers of the two men. Should Brown win it is probable that Kelley will visit this country with him when he returns.

HAMILL TURNED PUBLICAN.—The brawny armed blonde and ex-champion sculler, Jimmy Hamill, has become bonifiace of the saloon in the Diamond, Pittsburgh, formerly presided over by Alex. Murray, where he can hereafter be found, together with his late trainer, William Haley. Jimmy has roughed it a long time and he ought to be well supported by his fellow townsmen, and not neglected by the boys from a distance who may chance to penetrate the smoky atmosphere. We understand he has given up all idea of pulling in matches hereafter.

THREE MILER ON THE OHIO.—Jimmy Hamill and Wm. Haley, of Pittsburgh, and Mulholland, of Louisville, competed in a three mile race at the latter place on the 24th ult., which the ex-champion won in 24:20; Haley second, in 24:22, and Mulholland's time being 24:30. It was expected that Fred Wolff would take part, but he concluded for some reason to draw out.

JOHN MERKEL replied favorably to the challenge issued sometime since by Barney Biglin, on behalf of his brother John, to put up $100 as forfeit for a match, but the metropolitans failed to appear at the time appointed for a meeting. We hope they will "do something" yet, however, for that last race was very unsatisfactory.

SINGLE SCULL RACE.—Matt Doyle and Mike Murphy pulled a single scull race, for $25 a side, at Old Harbor, South Boston, on the 28th ult. They rowed from the Suffolk Glass Works' wharf to a wharf in Dorchester, about two miles, and Doyle won in 20:30, four lengths to the good.

A BOAT RACE, for $35 a side, came off from Long Wharf to Fort Independence, South Boston, on the 29th ult., between Jerry O'Brien and Pat Boyle, a couple of fishermen. The former was triumphant, beating Boyle about 200 yards. Time not taken.

PRESENTATION.—A four-oared shell, built by Stephen Roberts, and presented by Prof. Doremus to the prize class of New York College, was launched at the former's establishment, foot of 114th street, East River, on Saturday, 2d inst., at 3 o'clock P. M.

JOHN MERKEL has put up a century for a match with Henry Coulter, and articles were last week forwarded the latter for his signature, but up to the time of going to press no reply had been received.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

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Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS advertisers and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

G. P. R.—"The letter which Mr. Bonner addressed to the press states that he will not allow Dexter to trot in a race under any circumstances. A dispute having arisen between myself and a friend as to the meaning of one part of Mr. Bonner's letter, the question is, by mutual consent, referred to you. My friend contends that Mr. Bonner means that if any horse can or will trot as Dexter trotted recently, he (Mr. Bonner) will give $100,000 to the Avondale fund! While I am of opinion that Mr. Bonner implies, or, I should say, states distinctly, that if any horse in the world will equal Dexter's performance, he (Mr. Bonner) will give $100,000 *for that horse*. It is for you to decide which of us is in the right, and you would further oblige me by saying whether there is, in your opinion, anything in the letter that would give my friend the slightest ground for his argument." There is nothing in the letter that leads to the inference that Mr. B would give the $100,000 to the Avondale Fund. On the contrary, it is clearly stated that that sum will be paid for any horse that will equal Dexter's performance.

CONSTANT READER, Providence, R. I.—1. The Oxfords did not win by one half the distance you mention; consequently you lose your bet. 2. Andrew Johnson was impeached, but the charges brought against him were not proven. Impeachment is an accusation or charge brought against a public officer for maladministration in his office. In Great Britain it is the privilege or right of the House of Commons to impeach, and the right of the House of Lords to try and determine impeachments. In this country it is the right of the House of Representatives to impeach, and of the Senate to try and determine impeachments.

R. G. H., Paterson.—1. The dealer cannot demand a sight of the first card given the player at vingtun, but in some places where the brulet is played, that is, the top and bottom cards of the pack after it has been shuffled and cut, he has the privilege of looking for the brulet at the commencement of each deal. 2. According to the rules of the American game, the players must make their bets before receiving their first card. In the English game he may look at the first card before making his bet.

CYRUS.—1. You can dramatize any novel, be it copy-righted or not, and produce it without the permission of the author of a novel, but it would be an act of courtesy to obtain his permission beforehand. 2. No matter how the scene may end, if you introduce a railroad on and cross the stage, you will infringe on Mr. Daly's copy-right, as was decided in the course in this city in the "Alice Dean" case. 3. We know nothing about the gentleman's private affairs.

BLOOD HOUND.—Members are admitted upon the payment of a fixed price, which, at the present time, is a very large sum. It does not really change hands, but the difference between the rise and fall is what constitutes the profit and loss. The bears seek to pull down the prices when it suits their purpose, and the bulls to "rise it."

CHARLOTTE RUSSE, Cincinnati.—1. Adah was born in Kentucky in 1831. Her first appearance on the stage was at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, at three years of age. 2. They are secured by Mr. Ford by the season. 3. They receive a certain portion of the gross receipts after the expenses are deducted.

SINBAD, Baltimore.—They are not all Baltimoreans. Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Edwin Booth in Bel Air, near Baltimore, John S. Clarke in Baltimore, and John E. Owens in Liverpool, Eng.

OLD READER, Washington, D. C.—It was certainly deception on your part, no matter what your intention may have been, and the young lady cannot be censured for the course she has seen fit to adopt.

E. W., Boston.—"A and B against C and D, is a game of euchre. A is dealer, and all pass to him; he takes up the trump, plays alone, and is euchred by C and D. What do C and D count?".....Two points.

OARSMAN.—The late Robert Chambers was champion of the Thames when he died. He won it on Nov 22, 1865. R Coombes was champion from Aug 19, 1846, to May 26, 1852. Renforth is the present champion.

SUBSCRIBER, Louisville.—1. B is wrong; A is entitled to 5 points for the run of 8, 9, 7 and the 31. 2. Your statement of the play must be incorrect, for the cards played, 4, 5, 3, 4, only count 15, and you say A cannot play. He has only played two cards, and must have his third card left, and be able to go.

HUMITE, Boston.—1. The Lydia Thompson Troupe opens in your city, at the Boston Theatre, on Monday. 2. Dickie is eighteen years of age. 3. He is not that lady's husband, but the lady is married. 4. It is not published yet, but will be shortly.

J. M., Houston, Texas.—1. A handicap race is the weights on the different horses in accordance with their abilities and public performances, in such a manner that they may be brought on something like an equality. 2. An English mile in racing is 1,750 yards.

FISHER.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought April 17th, 1860. 2. Heenan returned to this country, per the steamship Vanderbilt, during the following July, arriving here on the 14th of that month. 3. Heenan and King fought at Washurst, Dec. 10 h, 1861.

OLD HIS, Cleveland.—1. The Governor General of Canada is appointed by the crown. 2. We never heard of such a yacht. 3. She is a better actress, but don't draw as much money.

D. W. W., Rockford, Ill.—The fastest running time in America is by Fanny Lindlow, one mile and an eighth in 1:56½, which is at the rate of a mile in 1:51 1-9.

B. B. B., Providence, R. I.—You lose the game, for you ought to have made your two points before your opponent made his one. Low aways counts before high aways.

R. F.—In tossing the "best two out of three," it is 3 to 1 on the winner of the first toss, the odds being 3 to 1 *against* two consecutive events.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—They started, intending to keep on the road all summer, and, provided business is good and the managers do not quarrel, they will no doubt carry out their object.

SINBAD THE SAILOR, Baltimore.—The Fenians never filled a two hundred nights' engagement at Niblo's Garden for such a sum as you mention. 2. Her first appearance as an actress was in San Francisco.

FRED, Indianapolis.—Your letter, dated Sept. 25th, did not reach us until our last issue had gone to press. If you write on Friday, your communication will reach us in time.

T. C.—It was to Prince Alfred that the yacht Henrietta was offered as a present by her owner, after her victory over the Fleetwing and Vesta.

FISSEY, Reading, Pa.—1. We believe that of Massey, Huson and Co., corner Tenth and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, is the largest in this country. 2. Cannot say.

WHIST, Oskaloosa, Iowa.—The fastest mile in pacing was by Billy Boyce, at Buffalo, 2:14½. There is no record of quarter and half pacing.

PETER G., Providence, R. I.—The dealer does not lose his deal under the circumstances, as his opponent himself may have thrown his counters into the pack.

ENQUIRER.—Joseph Jefferson's late receipts at Booth's Theatre were $500 a night for each performance, and a clear half of each matinee.

FORTY, Cincinnati.—1. Billy Boyce made 2:14½, at Buffalo, in August, 1867. 2. Henry Perritt's time of 1:42½ is not authenticated, was not officially taken, and is not regarded as reliable.

DUBUQUE, Buffalo.—Goldsmith Maid beat Rhoderick in all three straight heats, at Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1869. Time, 2:26¾, 2:25, 2:27¼.

H. F. H., St. Catharines.—The Fashion Course Rules, in small pamphlet form, are out of print. Shall be glad to have the report of the race.

HARRY, Low Point.—Goldsmith Maid trotted, at Buffalo, in 2:19¾; 2:20¾, 2:19¾. It is alleged by some, however, that this track is short.

OUR JIM, Rochester.—1. They remain in this city until Oct. 27th, and then start on a starring tour west. 2. You can get their photographs of F. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place, this city.

T. B., Pottsville, Pa.—He was born in 1831, but the day and month has never been stated. He does not know it himself, and the best should be drawn.

OLD NEW YORKERS.—1. Fabor is working at his trade (that of a shoemaker). He plays with the Ross Club, of Harlem. 2. Yes. 3. First class.

CONSTANT READER.—Allison, of the "Red Stockings," has been considered the best, but there is very little to choose between him and Craver, of the "Haymakers."

H. W., Boston.—He will reach this city about the middle of October.

P. B., Philadelphia.—1. Dexter's fastest time record is 2:17¾. 2. Ethan Allen and running mate's fastest time is 2:15.

R. J. VAIL.—See answer 2 to P. B., above. It was trotted on the Fashion Course, L. I.

W. H. L.—Lydia has been married, but Pauline enjoys single blessedness.

SIR TOBY, San Francisco.—It did not reach us in time, and that accounts for its omission.

J. K. C., Leavenworth City.—Your friend is mistaken; high-low goes out before Jack game.

L. A.—John Osborne, who rode Pretender for the Derby and St. Leger, is about thirty years of age.

FLOOD TIDE, Philadelphia, Pa.—If he has never pulled for money he is an amateur.

J. J. B., Utica, N. Y.—Jack Macdonald resides in London, England.

JOE WARREN AND OTHERS.—The card should be published as an advertisement.

R. DEAN, Cincinnati.—We have no papers of so remote a date, and have no time to search our files for the article.

ALEXANDER LOWANDS.—The advertisement will cost $1.05 for each insertion.

ATLANTA, GA.—1. London has a population greater than the seven largest cities in America. 2. New York and Philadelphia.

R. H., Louisville.—Write to R. B. Ken, whose address you will find in another column.

J. H. J., Toronto.—Your letter, of Sept. 29th, did not reach us in time for our last issue.

ARTHUR, Cleveland.—1. Susan is not married. 2. Kate is not married. She has been successful, although not engaged at present.

C. A. H. R., Chicago.—He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1835, and, to the best of our knowledge, that is his right name.

A. M. E., Detroit.—A cannot play alone after his partner offers to assist.

H. M. E., Marquette, Mich.—We believe the concern was broken up.

51ST STREET.—The dealer having made the trump, a partner cannot go alone, unless by mutual agreement.

CLAM CHOWDER, Utica.—We have not heard of such a paper. 2. We cannot give you the origin of the term.

C. W. C., Cohoes.—It is of too remote a date to refer to the matter now.

J. F. S., Lincolnton, N. C.—We do not deal in anything of the kind for sale.

E. E.—1. He is in California. 2. Tom Hyer was born in New York.

THOS. K., Boston, Mass.—You forgot to mention date, without which we cannot insert the item.

DRAW POKER.—Royal flushes only beat four aces when it is previously understood that the former shall beat four of a kind.

W. J. M., Buffalo.—The bet is off; neither Lady Thorn nor Dexter were entered for such a race.

JAMES PARKER.—The advertisement will cost $3 for two insertions.

FRED, Baltimore.—You can procure one of F. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city.

PACING, Boston.—A loses, for Billy Boyce paced a mile, at Buffalo, in 2:14¾.

1,042 SECOND AVENUE, N. Y.—A and B must throw off to decide the bet.

M. Q.—Lady Thorn never beat 2:23 on Long Island, but she trotted in 2:19¾, at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia.

LA CROSSE, Pittsburgh.—Millie Turnour is, as not travel with Ames' Circus all winter. She will shortly appear in New Orleans.

WASHINGTON.—1. He is considered a first class banjoist. 2. He is a fair song and dance man; cannot give you his correct name.

W. C., Elmira, N. Y.—Bradley and Rankin fought August 1st, 1857. This answers D. N. also.

BOSTON TOM, Baltimore, Md.—Johnny McGlade was lately killed at Hamilton, Nevada.

A. I. F., Lynchburg, Va.—He never whipped him but once in the ring, and we never heard of his doing so at all outside.

F. B. N., New Haven.—All right. Let us hear from you in time for our next.

CLAY, Niles, Mich.—You can obtain a copy of "Fistiana" by enclosing $2.50 to Wm. Clark, care of this office

SUBMIT, Tuscaloosa, Ala.—C, the dealer's partner, can order it down, and play alone if he desires so to do.

R. O., Pulaski, N. Y.—1. The matter is in dispute. 2. We believe so. 3. We should be pleased to hear from you.

W. H. LANGDON, Baltimore.—1. Please send us copy for the advertisement. 2. We do not know.

FITCHER, Springfield, Ohio.—The rules provide for that contingency. Rule 1, sections 1 and 2.

LAZ WART.—She is not married to the gentleman you mention.

REX, Chicago.—Cash received.

CONSTANT READER.—The bet is a draw.

J. W., Chicago.—Flora Temple's best time was 2:19¾.

RURAL, Jacksonville, Ill.—A cannot play it alone.

MAD. MACARTE.—The money was received.

CINCINNATI.—It does not lose his bet, and A must deal again.

J. A. L.—Will be published in our next issue.

T. J. R., Geneva.—See Bonney's ad. in another column.

"J. H. B."—Thanks.

R. J. AND OTHERS, Toronto.—P wins.

J. L. E., Bay City.—He is at present in this city.

ABRAHAM.—From $30 to $50 a week.

ELLEN, Philadelphia.—The lady is at present in San Francisco.

J. P., Jamesville, Wis.—The bet is a draw.

M. D.—See Cincinnati base ball items.

E. F. G., Portsmouth.—See answer to "Constant Reader."

ANSON HOUSE.—From 1864 to 1868.

WHAT HAS BECOME of the Hansoms which were promised to be put in running order in this city in September? Hansom is as hansom does.

THE WALL STREET EXPLOSION.

The financial excitement in Wall street, which has, apparently, terminated in the failure of a dozen of so-called banking houses, the insanity of a couple of brokers, the annihilation of the Gold Room, and the suspension of the Gold Exchange Bank, although it has brought business to a disastrous stagnation, was, in reality, nothing but a repetition, on an extensive scale, of the spirit of gaming which infects almost every monetary operation performed by our presumptive money kings. That the offers to purchase gold, made by the members of the Gold Exchange, were palpable frauds is evident to the meanest comprehension, for there did not exist the slightest mercantile demand for the precious metal, and, even if it had existed, the impossibility of supplying the enormous amount said to have been purchased would have defeated such ridiculous pretensions.

Ever since the suspension of specie payments, when Mr. Chase made the impolitic distinction between coin and greenbacks, by refusing the latter for custom dues, and thereby injuring our credit with foreign nations, the speculators of Wall street have seized upon gold to serve as an index in their gambling vagaries. Gold has long ceased to be a standard of actual momentary value, having degenerated with business men into an article of commerce, and with imaginary dealers into a virtual foot ball to be kicked about by bulls and bears. Were the miseries of the gold market confined to operators, personally, we would have not the least objection to permitting the pastime to go on to doomsday; but, unfortunately, the necessity of paying for imported goods, and of adjusting custom dues upon a strictly metallic basis, has given gold a fictitious and most disastrous value in the regulation of prices. Even domestic products are indirectly affected by a change in the gold market, for everybody, anxious to obtain an additional profit upon store goods, immediately advances the price of all articles to the very highest point the consumer can be compelled to submit to through the necessities of his situation.

The common gambler, at an ordinary game of chance, depends upon hazardous combinations, and, if he loses, he injures himself and his own family. But the gold speculator operates, generally, upon an imaginary capital, while the disarrangement of the market for metals falls with a crushing force upon every member of the community, and more particularly upon the operative classes, mechanics, small traders and petty dealers. If the price of gold be raised above its natural level, the interest upon our national debt augments proportionately, requiring an increase in taxation to cover our current expenses, and, as taxation falls upon the non bondholder, the poor citizen is indirectly oppressed to meet the requirements of a few capitalists, who, with Shylock, demand their pound of human flesh in the shape of national coin, be its cost in misery and suffering whatever it may. There is a vast distinction between purchasers of bullion and gold operations, and in the former market there are a class of reputable and conscientious dealers, who effect actual sales and deliver the solid material when duly ordered. This is a legitimate and necessary branch of trade, which should, however, be carried on by incorporated banks, to whom the general public would look with greater confidence than to private firms. The gold operator, on the contrary, is a mere dealer in declarations, and the only thing he designs to pay is the difference between the price at which he purchased and that at which he sells, while it generally happens that his clearances are made in a check without an ounce of gold touching the hands of either party to this, so-called, gold transaction. The only penalty for a failure to meet losses is simply expulsion from the Gold Board, a visitation falling upon the broker, inasmuch as the principal can, at any moment, repudiate his agent, as has been done during the late excitement, when a broker found himself saddled with some forty millions of dollars, at the highest point to which gold had been forced. Doubtlessly had gold gone up still higher the astute capitalist would have adhered to his bargain, but as it fell to its natural price, in the course of an hour, the thought of paying a difference of thirty per cent. sobered the rich man's judgment.

With the destruction of the Gold Exchange Bank, which was the clearing house of the gold operators, the community has been ridded of a financial nuisance, which has done more to augment the gold gambling spirit, among brokers, than all the other banks combined. With a capital of half a million it pretended to do a business which, on the last day of its activity, called for the sum of five hundred millions in good solid gold, the hollowness of which pretence can be estimated by considering the fact that but one hundred and fifty millions in gold exists in the entire country, and two-thirds of that specie is hermetically sealed within the vaults of the national treasury. The ability of any combination of individuals to create a panic in the gold market depends entirely upon the mistaken policy of our government in hoarding up gold at wholesale, and then doling it out to the community in driblets. Had a confidential agent of the treasury been in the gold room during the rage and excitement of the rise, with some ten millions at his control, he would have either emphatically crushed out the panic and the operators, or realized for the public the profit which has passed into the hands of representatives of foreign bankers. It is unfortunate that our treasury directors do not comprehend the principles of political economy as well as did the Hebrews of the year one, for the parable of the stupid laborer, burying his talent, is particularly applicable to the position of officials at Washington, who do not appear to understand that evidence of value, laying unproductive, is the most absurd of capital. It is the policy of our Government to control the gold market so as to render a rise impossible, and, if they succeed in reducing the coin to below par, they confer a universal benefit upon the people, beside lessening the interest upon our gold bearing bonds, and in this way prepare the public mind for that most desirable of political consummations—a prompt return to specie payments.

THE AVONDALE CATASTROPHE.

The recent tragedy at Avondale, with all its attendant horrors, should teach a salutary lesson, in more than one respect, by awakening general attention, as well to the condition of mining, as an industrial occupation, as to the treatment of miners, as a distinctive class of valuable operatives. The future wealth of our country will, in a measure, depend upon our mineral resources, and all are aware of the immense losses our national treasury has annually sustained through lack of a well defined administration of our mining interests. In California, Nevada and the argentiferous regions of the Pacific slope, the want of a proper mining system has been especially felt, while the mal-administration of the Pennsylvania coal fields is a matter pregnant with suffering to all classes, both in this metropolis and along the seaboard. Dependant, as the Atlantic cities are, upon the Pennsylvanian mines for an adequate supply of a commodity in universal consumption, our citizens are naturally as much identified with the mining interest of that state as with those of a more local character. It was knowledge of this fact which prompted so ready and honorable a movement towards the relief of the Avondale sufferers, inasmuch as recurrence of similar catastrophes might seriously impede the current of a most necessary trade. And it is equally incumbent upon us to devise protective measures, whereby the possibility of similar disasters may be radically avoided. Whether the destruction of the Avondale miners' lives was the result of accident or design, is but a secondary consideration to the fact that the proprietors of that mine were allowed to jeopardize human life by a total disregard of the cardinal principles of mining engineering. That men could be found to labor in a mine notoriously unsafe can be attributed as well to an anxiety to obtain work as to the confidence long habit inevitably engenders. These men, generally ignorant of theoretical principles, place confidence in their practical experience, rarely troubling themselves beyond performance of that branch of work falling to their share through necessary division of employments. The Avondale mine was undeniably a defective one, which could have been rendered thoroughly safe at a very small outlay; indeed, the proprietors were well aware of this fact, as they contemplated a second outlet from the works, which, had it been effected before operations in the mines had been resumed, would have spared the country the ghastly spectacle of hundreds of men being martyred to joint stock cupidity.

Pennsylvania owes it to herself to establish, forthwith, a competent mining administration, charged with the full supervision of mines in their construction and working, and to regulate the relations between the employers and the employed. Mining is a branch of industry perfectly isolated from all other commercial enterprises, requiring an especial administration, scientific, executive and judicial. Far into the bowels of the earth the miner is literally buried beyond the pale of ordinary law, his grievances rarely coming before common tribunals, and it is for this reason that we hear of so many and prolonged strikes in the mining regions. Years ago, when the Spaniards perceived the immense value of the Mexican mines, the viceroys hastened to acknowledge the difference between miners and the rest of the industrial community. Consequently the Council of the Indies promulgated that remarkable code of mining laws which still prevails in the Mexican Republic, and the absence of which, in the Pacific States, has proven so serious a detriment to the development of the mining interests. These old mining laws amply protect the proprietary rights of mine owners, while preserving the lives and privileges of the operatives intact against imposition, fraud or possibility of danger, as far as engineering skill was concerned.

We have already established a school for mines in this city, yet at the present moment none of our states have erected, as many should have done, distinctive mining tribunals, much less an administrative supervision over mines and miners. There is as much necessity for a mining board of government officials, charged with the sanitary welfare of the untutored miners, as there exists for a board of health within our municipalities, and assuredly the suffering of an unsafe mine to remain in operation threatens a more grievous calamity than the erection of an unsafe building. Still upon these last and minor points we have competent legal restrictions, while the miner, in his comparative seclusion, is left to the mercy of unscrupulous speculators and soulless corporations.

THE METEORIC SHOWERS, which, however, are not the sort of showers we have been so long longing for, will shortly take place, November being the time set down for them. They can be witnessed in the Mediterranean to great advantage, and we are told that an expedition is to go from France to witness them. These scientific gentlemen are exercised by an impulse similar to that which is observable at certain times among our play-going public:—A *star* performance interests them.

SEE HERE NOW.—An exchange says that John Bullock, of Bristol, New Jersey, is 100 years old, and never drank a glass of water. What a frightful example he would make for a temperance lecturer. It is also said that he spends his time in picking up needles with his naked eye. Has this reference to the needles' eye or his own?

TO THE YOUNG LADY who recently made a jump of ten feet nine inches in Massachussets, every year must be a *leap* year, and she should be allowed to choose a husband any time.

SOMEBODY says that if somebody had not got in the way of Oxford, in the late race, she would have won by another *length*. Isn't this the *height* of nonsense?

MODERN CENTAURS—Tailors dispatched on errands.—[The boss means sent tars.—JIM.]

THE "GOLD ROOM"—A place where *brass* predominates.

OUR RICH AND RACY police court scenes should hereafter be known as *Stowe*-icisms.

PROPER FELLOWS—A pair of boots.

CASUAL-TIES—Modern marriages.

Squibs and Things.

— The sale of tickets for admission to the "Press" steamboat, which accompanied the Harvard-Oxford race, has left a balance of £25, which sum has been divided between the Royal National Life Boat Institution and the Chichester training-ship for homeless boys.

— Bill Pennywealth, an Englishman, entered a saloon in North street, Boston, on the 27th ult., and, on a wager of $50, eat three dozen hard boiled eggs in succession, without drinking any liquid whatever. Eggs-traordinary.

— There is a dog in Mud Pine, Indiana, so sharp that whenever company comes to the house he proceeds at once to catch a chicken, but will not at any other time. Which goes to show that the dog is fond of company.

— Miss Howe, of St. Louis, carried off the first prize for both riding and driving at the Mississippi Valley Fair, at Quincy, Ills. This is the third year in which she has proven successful, including two State fairs.

— An infuriated bull disturbed the peace of the city on Sunday night, goring and tossing several people and otherwise affording the boys unusual sport. It is supposed that he was on his way to Wall street.

— New England school books are to be altered as follows:—Ques.—Into how many races is the human family divided? Ans.—Five. The Caucasian, Mongolian, American, Negro and Harvard race.

— The farmers in the vicinity of Westford, Ct., complain that the dog law has so reduced the number of dogs in that region that they suffer much from foxes, minks, weasles and woodchucks.

— Instead of a trial of speed between horses, the managers of a Massachusetts fair substituted a trial of cooking stoves, but it didn't take, and next time the horses will be trotted out.

— A farmer named Elisha Hitt, living near Jacksonville, Ill., has a heifer 14 months old, which weighs 1,062½ pounds. Elisha hit a good streak when he bred this Durham.

— Rough and Ready Company, of Pawtucket, R. I., have accepted the challenge of Paterson Hose Company No. 2, to play through an inch and one-eighth nozzle for $500 a side.

— The King of Greece is very fond of negro melodies. In consequence, the royal band at Athens plays mostly minstrel music. Here's a chance for a traveling company.

— A man in Woodbury recently broke his leg while wrestling. The village butcher and blacksmith got up a match for his benefit, and a like accident befel the blacksmith.

— One of the features in the New Hampshire State Fair was a team of eleven yokes of oxen, from Barrington drawing a handsomely decorated rural cottage on wheels.

— It is said that upon the headstone in a graveyard at Lacon, Ill., is cut the image of a pet dog. Underneath the dog is this text:—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

— The deer in Georgia are suffering from black tongue. Probably caused by the drought. A great many people, now-a-days, suffer from black tongue, too.

— Charlotte Cushman is said to have been writing a novel, but will keep it for some years before publication. But will Charlotte herself keep for some years?

— On Friday, the 1st inst., a boiler exploded in the State Fair building, Indianapolis, killing twelve persons and wounding about one hundred.

— A sword swallower, at the state fair, Toledo, Ohio, while doing his feat was so severely injured internally that it was feared he would die.

— An Irish lady of thirty (who has a *penchant* for horse flesh) known as Miss Midy Morgan, dishes up the cattle market report for the *Times*.

— Bears in Minnesota are eating up the hogs without mercy. The people, unwilling to bear it any longer, think of getting up a mass meeting.

— Eight editors in Iowa have been nominated for the Legislature. Evidently, the people take this means to get them out of the way.

— Chicago has "gone in" for another great thing. It is a "Great Organ," with 3,912 pipes. Is there to be no stop to these big organs?

— At a sale of short horned Durham stock, at Ellerslie, the home of the Hon. William Kelly, thirty-five cattle brought $5,390.

— There is a pear tree at Monson, Mass., a hundred years old, which has ripe and green pears and blossoms on its branches.

— M. de Lesseps passed through the Suez Canal, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, in fifteen hours, on the 30th of Sept.

— A coffer dam on the Mississippi "busted" last week. The coffers of the company that owned the dam also "busted."

— The city parsons on Sunday last shook the Wall street bulls by their horns and gave the bears a drubbing generally.

— Catharine A. Cavanagh, a poor shirt-maker in Hester street, New York, is said to have fallen heir to $100,000.

— There is a lunatic in Leicestershire, England, who has been kept sixty years in chains. No wonder he's a lunatic.

— "Em Quad" and "Shooting Stick" are the names of two rival base ball clubs, composed of printers, in Reading, Pa.

— A New Hampshire genius is constructing a miniature steam engine, boiler and all, out of a single silver half dollar.

— Rivington street, N. Y., has a 310 pounds lager bier vender. Guess he disposes of lager in more ways than one.

— The weather during the past week was beautiful and fair for the various fairs going on throughout the country.

— A bovine on the track wrecked a milk train on the Naugatuck Railroad, in Connecticut. Beware of bulls.

— A policeman in Brooklyn has been sent to the Penitentiary, and put to hard labor, for clubbing a citizen.

— An autograph letter by Humboldt was sold for twenty-five dollars, in St. Louis, the other day.

— One of our worthy citizens is educating a bootblack, under the belief that he is a musical prodigy.

— The Mayor of Reading recently went fishing, and caught ninety-three fishes. Bully for the Mayor.

— Myra Bradwell & Husband is the

on the Capitoline Grounds, 7—Atlantic vs. Union, of Morrisania, at Tremont Base Ball Park; 7—Atlantic, vs. Oriental, of New York, return-game, on the Capitoline grounds. 8—Powhatan, vs. Harmonic, on the Capitoline Grounds. 9—Atlantic, vs. Eckford, return-game, on the Union Grounds, Williamsburgh. 11—Atlantic, vs. Athletic, of Philadelphia, return-game, on the Capitoline grounds. 12—Union, of Morrisania, vs. Powhatan, of Brooklyn, return-match, at Tremont Base Ball Park.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

The Cincinnati Fall Race Meeting.

FIFTH AND LAST DAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

The heavy rain on Saturday, Sept. 25th, rendered a postponement of the last day's racing of the meeting of the Buckeye Association indispensable. On the following Monday, the weather was fine and pleasant, and the attendance large, for the sport was of an unusually attractive character, there being three races on the programme.

THE THREE YEAR OLD SWEEPSTAKES

was the first race, and was for colts and fillies three years old, $100 subscription, with $2,000 added by the club; two mile heats. The entries were eleven in number, including the renowned Herzog, Pompey Payne, Versailles, Exchange, Helmbold, Coquette, Alta Vela, and four others. The withdrawal of Herzog on account of illness, which had seized him on the night of his victory in the mile heat race on the first day of the meeting, and which was destined shortly to prove fatal, was a source of disappointment to hundreds who were desirous of seeing the wonderful little horse display his speed in this race. Gen A. Buford preferred to be represented by Coquette instead of Versailles, who is reserved for Nashville, in this race, and Mr. W. R. Babcock, of this city, started Helmbold instead of Pompey Payne, thinking—and justly so—that the former was the better horse at the distance. The starters were, therefore, Exchange, Helmbold, Coquette and Alta Vela. In the pools Exchange and Helmbold sold for nearly an equal amount, the Kentuckians backing the former pluckily, while the eastern delegation stuck to Helmbold. Helmbold was generally taken for first choice, while Alta Vela and Coquette brought an equal price.

FIRST HEAT.—Helmbold had the outside and Coquette the track in the positions before the start. Coquette was first off, with Exchange next, Alta Vela and Helmbold in the order named. Going around the turn Exchange was pulled back into fourth place, and Alta Vela and Helmbold became second and third. They ran thus past the quarter pole, but along the backstretch Exchange moved up, and ran, locked with Coquette, to the half mile pole in 59½s. Rounding the upper turn Heimbold assumed the lead, and led fully six lengths as they passed under the string on the first mile in 1:55, Exchange second, and Alta Vela third. From this point Exchange began steadily to diminish Heimbold's lead. On the backstretch he was at his head, and before the half-mile pole was reached he was a clear length in front, Alta Vela and Coquette in following order. Swinging into the homestretch a fine struggle commenced between the two leaders, whip and spur being freely applied to both, but Exchange had the race safe in hand, and came home a winner of the heat by three lengths in 3:47¾, Helmbold second, Alta Vela third, and Coquette last.

SECOND HEAT.—Exchange looked so like a winner after the heat, cooling off well, that he sold for $1,100 to the field $200. Coquette jumped off in front when the drum was tapped, and with Helmbold second, led to the quarter, in 28½ seconds. The pace became improved along the backstretch, Helmbold depriving Coquette of the lead, and beating her past the half-mile a neck, in 56 seconds. Here Exchange took second place, and ran in company with the New York owned horse (Helmbold), to the score; the latter leading a head under the string on the first mile, in 1:51¾, Coquette a couple of lengths behind, with Alta Vela at her quarters. Heimbold was allowed to retain the lead until near the half-mile pole, when Exchange challenged, deprived him of it with the greatest ease, and galloping home, won the heat and race in a canter by three lengths, Heimbold second, Coquette four lengths behind, and Alta Vela distanced. Time, 3:47¾.

SUMMARY.

CINCINNATI COURSE, Sept. 27th.—Sweepstakes, for three year old colts and fillies, $1.0 each, p'ay or pay, with $2,000 added. Two mile heats.

John Harper's ch c Exchange, by Endorser, dam Nantura, by Brawner's Eclipse.....1 1
W. R. Babcock's ch c Helmbold (late Dublin), by imp. Australian, dam Lavender, by Wagner.....2 2
A. Buford's ch f Coquette, by Lexington, dam Susan Harris, by Revenue.....4 3
James J. O'Fallon's br f Alta Vela, by Vandal, dam imp. Filagree, by Stockwell.....3dis

Time, 3:47¾; 3:47¾.

THE THREE MILE HEAT RACE

came off next, and was for the Club Purse of $800. The entries were Maggie Hunter, 5 years; King Tom, 5 years; D. Swigert's Bonita, 4 years, and Victory, but the latter was excused by the judges from starting. Bonita was a great favorite, bringing in pools $300; King Tom, $180; and Maggie Hunter, $80. The race admits of little description, for Bonita won the first heat with such great ease by three lengths in 5:52½, that the odds became $100 to $10 on her taking the race. The second heat she won with equal ease in 5:56¼; King Tom beating Maggie Hunter for second place.

SAME DAY—Club Purse, $800; three mile heats, all ages

J. R. Whaley entered D. Swigert's b f Bonita, four years old, by Lexington, dam Banner, by imp. Albion.....1 1
B. G. Bruce entered P. Bissick's ch m Maggie Hunter, five years old, by imp. Australian, dam Heads I Say, by imp. Glencoe.....2 3
M. Zujler entered W. H. Chappell's b h King Tom, five years old, by Lexington dam Tokay, by imported Yorkshire....3 2

Time, 5:52½; 5:56¼.

THE CONSOLATION PURSE

of $200 was for beaten horses, and was contended for by Richards and Kilgour's ch c John Kilgour and D. W. Stewart's b g Lancer, over a dash of one mile. There was no betting, for any odds would have been laid on Kilgour. He led from start to finish, and won in a canter in 1:49½. The race terminated one of the most successful meetings ever held by the Buckeye Association.

SAME DAY.—Consolation Purse, $300, for beaten horses, dash of one mile.

Richards and Kilgour's ch g John Kilgour, 3 years.....1
G. W. Stewart's b g Lancer, 4 years.....2

Time, 1:49½.

Death of the Celebrated Racer Herzog.

A feeling of sorrow and regret will prevail throughout the country, among turfmen, at the announcement of the death of the celebrated young race-horse Herzog, owned by Messrs. Thomas and Jackson, and trained by Lee Paul. He died at the stables of the Buckeye Race Course near Cincinnati, on the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 28th, of typhoid pneumonia. On the previous Tuesday he had run in the opening race of the fall meeting over the above course, mile heats, being a sweepstake for three-year olds, and had won it, beating such famous fast horses as Versailles, Pompey Payne, John Kilgour and Alta Vela. Versailles won the first heat in 1:43¾, which it will be observed was only a quarter second slower than Herzog's own imperishable past record at the previous spring meeting over the same course, of 1:43¾. Herzog, however, won the second and third heats and the race in 1:44¼; 1:46¾; disappointing many who anticipated seeing him make better time than he had ever done before. He was not, however, up to the mark in point of condition, for he was evidently suffering from a slight attack of cold. The night of the race he was attacked with what at first was supposed to be catarrh, but which ultimately proved to be typhoid pneumonia. The best veterinary skill was obtained, but he continued to grow worse, and on the morning of of the 28th Sept., the pride of the American turf ceased to exist; dying on the scene which had witnessed his greatest triumphs. On the day he ran his last race, Major Thomas, the business manager of the Lexington (Ky.) *Observer*, his part owner, refused an offer of $10,000 for him; $15,000 being the price put on him.

Herzog was by Vandal, dam Dixie, by imp. Sovereign, and was a bright bay, full fifteen and a half hands high, without any white, except a few white hairs in the forehead. He had a Vandal-Glencoe head, well set on a rather long neck, running into well inclined shoulders. He had great depth through the heart; good barrel, and ribs well back. He possessed great length from the point of the hip to the whirbone, thence to the ground. His legs clean and well set under him, with exquisite action. When a foal he lost the tips of his ears by frost, and but for this would have been a handsome and stylish horse.

Trotting Swindle on the Fashion Course.

A JUST DECISION.

A trot came off on the above course on Saturday, the 2d inst., which proved one of those disgraceful affairs which go so far to injure the character and interests of the trotting turf. It was announced as a sweepstakes for $700, (3 mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between Dr. Sherman's grey stallion Grey Messenger, Dr. Ogle's bay gelding Red Rover, H. Casey's gelding Black Dan, and R. J. Anderson's chestnut gelding Wily Kimmy. At the start Red Rover was the favorite against the field, and he won the first heat by four lengths in 2:47¾, notwithstanding which Grey Messenger suddenly became the favorite, his owner backing him heavily even against the field. This fact aroused suspicion that something wrong was contemplated, and that the owner of the horse had intentionally lost the first heat. The grey won the second heat in 2:40, or nearly eight seconds faster than the previous one. He now became the favorite at $100 to $30 against the field, while the owners of the other horses are alleged to have formed a collusion to prevent him winning. His superior speed enabled him to out trot the other horses, and he came home four lengths ahead of Red Rover in 2:44. Owing, however, to his having changed his position after entering the homestretch, the judges decided it a dead heat. The fourth heat was won by Red Rover in 2:44¾, and the betting became $50 to $35 on him. Darkness was fast coming on, and the drivers were all anxious to delay scoring until it was too late to trot. At last the patience of the judges became exhausted, and a standing start was given the horses. In the race all of them ran the greater part of the course; Red Rover commencing trotting after getting into the homestretch and coming home three lengths ahead of the grey stallion in 2:42¾. The proprietor of the track, Mr. John Chambers, was one of the judges, and exercising the power he possesses under the rules of the course, of deciding when arbitration, in case of fraud or collusion is necessary, he distanced all the horses for foul driving, and declared all bets on the race null and void.

Trotting on the Fashion Course, L. I.

On Monday, the 27th ult., a match for $500, between Mr. Dobson's bay mare, Eva, and Mr. Wilson's roan gelding, Dick, came off on the above course; mile heats, three in five, in harness. These well-known road horses had trotted a match for a similar stake, over the Union Course, the previous week, as reported in our last issue, when Mr. Wilson's horse had proved the winner, after four heats were trotted. The owner of Eva, dissatisfied with that result as a test of the merits of the two horses, proposed a second match, over the Fashion Course, for $500, which Mr. Wilson accepted; owners being stipulated to drive. This last was an unfortunate clause for Mr. Dobson, for in the race he was unable to control his mare, who ran away, crossed in front of Dick, and could not be got down to a trot until she had gone over half a mile. She came in first, but the judges distanced her for foul driving and running, and gave the heat to Dick. Time, 2:47.

A second match was immediately made between the same horses for a similar stake; Mr. Dobson this time having the privilege of naming a driver. He selected Johnny Murphy, and he and his friends, confident in the mare, freely took all the twos to one bad on Dick winning. They were rewarded for their confidence in the mare, for under Murphy's able guidance she won the first heat in 2:52; the second in 2:52; made a dead heat of the third in 2:48½, and won the fourth and race in 2:47; the fastest time made in the race.

A TROT took place at the Abbey track, St. Louis, Mo., on the 30th ult., between Tackey, Trouble, Morrissey, and Pylot Temple, the last named winning in three straight heats. Time, 2:29¼; 2:31½; 2:32½.

THE STALLION, GEN. MCCLELLAN won the sweepstakes purse at the Kennebec Agricultural Fair, held in China, Me., on the 30th ult. Time, 2:35; 2:34; 2:32½.

An Extraordinary Race.

NINE HEATS TROTTED.

In last week's CLIPPER, in our report of the Riverside Park (Boston) fall trotting meeting, we noticed the race for the $1,000 purse, for 2:30 horses, trotted on Friday, Sept. 24th, and which was postponed on account of darkness, after five heats were trotted, to the following day. When adjourned, Gilbraith Knox had won the first heat in 2:31, and made a dead heat, with McClellan, of the second, in the same time. Jessie Wales had won the third and fourth in 2:34; 2:33; and Darkness the fifth in 2:34, three out of the seven contesting horses having been distanced. Resuming the race next day, McClellan won the sixth and seventh heats in 2:32; 2:36½, and the race appeared so completely at his mercy that any odds would have been laid on his winning. The eighth heat resulted in a dead heat between McClellan and Jessie Wales in 2:37½, and the ninth and deciding heat was won by Jessie Wales in 2:38, after the most protracted race ever known in the annals of trotting.

The next race was for double teams for a purse of $700, for which Jessie Wales and her mate, Darkness, who had both trotted in the previous race, had been the favorites in the pool betting. The mare, however, had undergone such severe exertion in the contest in which she proved the winner, that her owner judiciously withdrew her, and the race was left to Mr. Hall's team, India Rubber Ben and Lady Walton, and Mr. Bradley's pair, Black Harry and Belle Strickland. The former won easily in one heat, distancing Black Harry and Mate. The concluding race of the meeting was for a purse of $50, mile heats, best three in five, between Hiram Woodruff's gr m Lady Lawrence, in harness, and D. Bigley's b m Kate, to wagon; the latter being distanced in the first heat in 2:47¼. Next season the proprietors of the Riverside Park purpose altering it into a full mile track, instead of a half mile course, as it is at present.

SALE OF HAMBURGH, THE TWO YEAR OLD RACER.—Mr. George Cadwallader, the well known trainer, sold his renowned two year old colt Hamburgh, to Mr. Taylor Page, of Boston, Mass., on the 27th of Sept., for the nice sum of $7,000, being the same price that he sold Pompey Payne for to Mr. W. R. Babcock, of this city, last June. Hamburg will be remembered as the winner of the Two Year Old Stakes at Cincinnati last week, when he ran one mile in 1:45; the fastest record for a two year old ever made. He is a beautiful bay colt, by Lexington, out of a mare by Churchill, and we hope will prove a fortunate investment for his plucky purchaser. Mr. Page takes him down south to attend the coming turf meetings in that section.

TROT IN MAINE.—A sweepstakes trot was advertised to take place at Bangor, Me., on the 30th ult., between Topsy, Nellie, Right Bower, Lady Chapman and Raid. Topsy and Nellie each won two heats, the former in 2:31¼ and 2:34, and the latter in 2:32¼ and 2:35, when darkness obliged a postponement. On the 1st inst. Lady Chapman and Raid were withdrawn, and Topsy won the first heat and race, in 2:31½. The winner was formerly known as Empress.

THE RING.

DRAW FIGHT IN WISCONSIN

BETWEEN

Tom McAlpine and Johnny Mulligan for $1,000,

91 ROUNDS IN 2 HOURS, 10 MINUTES.

The match hitherto adverted to between Tom McAlpine, more familiarly known by the appellation of "Soap," and Johnny Mulligan, at catch weight, for, his said, $500 a side, was brought to a finale in the Badger State, on Saturday afternoon, 25th ult. McAlpine has appeared a number of times in the squared circle, scoring victories over Geo. Barnes, Johnny Devine, Barney, Jack Lynch, Boyne and Fred. Bussey, and making a draw with McElroy. Mulligan had not, to our knowledge, previously been a candidate for fistic honors, according to the recognized code, though having gained considerable notoriety by his rough and tumble performances in Green Bay and vicinity. He is a lumberman, of powerful frame, and had a dozen friends to Tom's one at the ring side, owing to Johnny's winning the toss, and, of course, fighting on "his own dunghill." Steamboats were chartered by the opposing factions and with "the coves wot love a mill" on board started up the river for the chosen spot early in the day, both well filled. It being found impossible to secure a suitable piece of turf of the requisite dimensions it was mutually agreed to do battle in a ring 18 feet square, and even then the ground was soft and yielding. Mulligan won the toss for corners, and then half an hour was spent in obtaining a referee. Among the Badgers there are not many proficients in the parliamentary rules of the magic circle, and it was a hard matter to tackle, but finally Mr. Delaney, an officer on the propeller Lady Franklin, which plies between Green Bay and Chicago, was agreed to. Mulligan's spikes were then found to be too long, and were filed down ⅛ of an inch. Just before the battle, Jerry Donovan walked over and offered 50 to 40 or 100 to 80 on McAlpine, but Mulligan did not want any of it. Time was called at 4.04 P. M. Mac claimed first blood in the first round, but it was not allowed by the referee; it was awarded him in the second round, however, which closed by Mulligan getting back-heeled. Mulligan made several fouls, but they were not allowed, as the referee wanted the fight to be settled on the merits of the men. In the fourth round the men clinched, when Mac hit Mulligan in the neck—a sledge hammer blow. Mulligan's head dropped as his seconds caught him, and it was past "time" before he could get to the pastime before him. One Duffy here broke through the ring and made for the referee, but Jerry Donovan laid him out, and an incipient riot was quelled. In the fifth round Mac fell against a stake and disabled his left hand by inflicting a wound upon his wrist. After this he used his right duke entirely until the ninth round, when he cut it by an upper cut on Mulligan's ivories. From that out Mac fought cautiously, going down to avoid punishment. The fight lasted through ninety-one rounds, which were fought in two hours and ten minutes, when it became so dark that the referee ordered the men to stop, and to meet on Sunday morning, and fight it to the finish. On the boat, however, the referee said he would call it a "draw," and the stakeholder returned the money to each man on the 27th ult. "Soap" afterwards offered to give Mulligan $100 to go to Canada, or anywhere outside the State of Wisconsin, for as much as he wished to fight for, but Johnny declined.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

COLLYER vs. DOHERTY.

On this (Tuesday) morning, the match between Sam Collyer and Charley Doherty, which involves the possession of one thousand dollars, added to the title of "champion of light-weights," is to be decided at a time point in the Old Dominion—providing, of course, nothing militates effectually against the plans of those having charge of the arrangements for the "excursion." The reports which come to us from the headquarters of the men speak in glowing terms of their physical condition, and represent them as each brimming over with confidence in their power to bring about a favorable result in a fair and square encounter, which everything promises that this will be. The betting upon the result varies according to locality; in this vicinity the general impression seems to be that Collyer will meet in Doherty a foeman fully worthy of his steel, and the speculation is at evens, as a general thing, though odds of slight amount are offered by some of Sam's more enthusiastic admirers; in Philadelphia the betting rules similar, and in Baltimore and Washington Collyer is first choice at pretty heavy odds, and in Richmond, where Doherty is well known and has troops of staunch friends, he has the call. We stated last week that Barney Aaron would be one of the handlers of Collyer; this statement was made by authority of Aaron himself, but it appears that since then he received a letter from Charley's backers, offering better terms for him to second the latter, which he concluded to accept, and he left this city for Richmond on the 1st inst. with that intention. Johnny Dwyer has been secured by Sam as one of his attendants, but who the other will be has not yet transpired. Quite a number of sports left the metropolis and Philadelphia on Sunday night, 3d inst., for Baltimore and Washington, and judging by the deep interest felt in the affair, the ring side will, doubtless, be graced by an extensive delegation of the element from various sections of the country.

PATSY SHEPPARD AFTER BILLY EDWARDS.

HE WILL FIGHT HIM AT 124LBS.

We were waited upon on the 2d inst. by Patsy Sheppard, who desires us to give publicity to the card which appears below. Whether Billy Edwards has authorized the publication of the notices alluded to, we, of course, cannot say, but from the fact that he has allowed them to go uncontradicted, such would appear to be the case, and the public will expect him to answer this direct summons by coming forward and showing cause. It will be remembered that shortly before his return a gentleman doing business at Trenton, N. J., sent us a challenge on behalf of Edwards, offering to back him against all comers in the country at 124lbs.—whether he will now make good the offer remains to be seen, and the 8th inst. will, perhaps, decide the matter. Read Sheppard's card:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—SIR.—Having understood that Billy Edwards has, since his return from England, frequently stated in public that he is ready to fight any man in America at 124 lbs. besides having observed notices to the same effect in print, I wish to say that I will accommodate him at that weight, within a reasonable time from date of signing articles, for whatever sum may be hereafter agreed upon. If Edwards, or his representative, will meet me at the CLIPPER office on Friday, 8th inst., between 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M., I will be prepared to make a match; to weigh the day before fighting.

Yours respectfully, PATSY SHEPPARD.

A TESTIMONIAL TO BILL DAVIS.—This veteran knight of the fistic circle, who has fought Jack Smith, Pearson, Tom Daley, Patsy Daly, Jim Dunn, Jimmy Elliott, Mike McCoole, Charley Gallagher and Tom Allen, has been in this city for some days, and contemplates remaining here permanently. After his fight with Allen, Bill took a voyage across the Atlantic, as mate of a vessel, visiting France and England, but, considering that the pay is insufficient for the labor performed and inconveniences experienced, he threw up the position upon arriving at this port, determined to be a "land lubber" in future. As he is not overburdened with this world's goods, his friends intend giving him a complimentary benefit, at 600 Broadway, on Monday evening, 11th inst., with a view to putting a sufficient quantity of shekels in his pockets, to enable him to open a saloon in the metropolis. He has been promised the assistance, professionally, of many of the athletes of New York and Brooklyn, besides otio performers, and the wind-up will be given by Davis and Johnny Dwyer. The beneficiary is a straight-forward, fair dealing man, and deserves the patronage of ring supporters.

EDWARDS' EXHIBITION.—Billy Edwards has taken 600 Broadway for the evening of Saturday, 9th inst., when he will give a sparring and variety exhibition, in which he will be assisted by a number of the heavy, middle, light and feather weights of this city and vicinity. The wind-up will probably be between Edwards and Harry Hicken, but if the latter is out of the city Billy says he'll put on the mits with any light-weight who may feel so disposed, in which case we may look for a "meet" between him and Patsy Sheppard—a pair the boys have long wished to see come together.

TOM MCALPINE, *alias* "Soap," arrived in this city on the 1st inst., having learned, by telegraph, of the serious illness of a near relative. He called upon us on the 4th inst., when he showed no signs of punishment received in his late battle. He intends remaining in this city, and will, ere long, be the recipient of a benefit at some eligible hall. He desires us to express his thanks to George Langton, Mark English and Geo. Farnsworth, for favors received while in Green Bay.

HICKEN TO EDWARDS AND CROWLEY.—Harry Hicken called upon us just before going to press and wishes us to say that he will fight Billy Edwards at 124 lbs, to weigh the day before fighting, for any sum, or he will fight Tim Crowley at catch-weight.

JOHN W. MCALPINE, brother of Tom, and lately of the Metropolitan Fire Department, has entered into partnership with John Moore, in the produce business, at 77 Vesey street, this city.

FRANK BURNS, of the Bunker Hill Yacht Squadron was head on the Mystic River, Boston, Mass., on the 21 inst.

JIM MACE AND HIS COUSIN, POOLEY, spar together every night during the present week at Tammany.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Teddy McAuliffe.

CRICKET.

GERMANTOWN vs. YOUNG AMERICA.

DEFEAT OF THE LATTER CLUB.

The noted Young America Club, of Philadelphia, the champion cricketers of the country, met with an unexpected defeat on the 1st and 2d inst. at the hands of the Germantown Club. We have no further particulars of the meeting than can be gleaned from the appended summary, from which it will be seen that the batting was not very heavy on either side:—

First Innings.	Germantown.	Second Innings.
Cadwallader c R & b D Newhall	28	c John Large b C. Newhall	0
McIntyre c G. & b C. Newhall	5	b D. Newhall	0
James Large b C. Newhall	0	c H. and b C. Newhall	52
Morgan c H. & b G. Newhall	12	c and b D. Fewhall	14
J. Hargreaves b C. Newhall	13	c F. and b D. Newhall	8
Rassall c R. & b D. Newhall	16	c Gummy and b C. Newhall	4
McKean c H. & b D. Newhall	0	not out	0
Brewster c D & b C. Newhall	0	c C. and b D. Newhall	13
S. Welsh not out	8	c Gummy and b D. Newhall	13
J. Hargreaves c G. & b D. N'hall	2	c Gummy and b C Newhall	0
Barclay c Gummy & b C N'hall	7	c Gummy and b C. Newhall	8
Byes, 1; l b, 2; w'd's, 2; n b, 1	6	Leg bye, 1; wide, 1	2
Total	93	Total	94

First Innings.	Young America.	Second Innings.
G Newhall c J. Hargreaves b		b McIntyre	21
T. Hargreaves	10	c Morgan b McIntyre	10
Johns b T. Hargreaves	1		
R. Newhall c J Hargreaves b			
T. Hargreaves	5	c Brewster b McIntyre	11
D. Newhall c Brewster b McIntyre	13	run out	0
Gummey c J. Hargreaves b McIntyre	4	c J. Hargreaves b McIntyre	0
J. Large c and b McIntyre	15	c Brewster b McIntyre	0
Baird c J Hargreaves b McIntyre	11	c J. Hargreaves b McIntyre	1
Bussier b McIntyre	10	c Brewster b McIntyre	0
C. Newhall c and b McIntyre	6	not out	1
H. Newhall not out	0	c Brewster b J. Hargreaves	0
Baxter c Large b T. Hargreaves	1	wides, 1; no balls, 3	5
Byes 7; leg byes, 3; wide, 1	11	Total	55
Total	87		

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

YOUNG AMERICA.—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.
McIntyre	92	24	12	6	0	0
T. Hargreaves	92	52	5	4	1	0
Second Innings.						
McIntyre	63	20	9	8	2	0
T. Hargreaves	56	32	3	1	0	0
GERMANTOWN.—First Innings.						
C. Newhall	97	38	9	5	2	0
D. Newhall	96	44	6	4	0	1
G. Newhall	4	5	0	1	0	0
Second Innings.						
C. Newhall	116	41	9	6	1	0
D. Newhall	112	49	8	4	0	0

PATERSON vs. NEW YORK.

SECOND ELEVENS.

An interesting match came off at Hoboken, on the 30th ult., the contestants being the Second Elevens of the New York and Paterson Clubs. The Jerseymen were too much for the Yorkers, who had to succumb. The feature of the play was the fine hitting of Tom Crossley, of the Paterson eleven. The occasion was one of much jollity and conviviality. We append a summary:—

New York.		Paterson.	
Raleigh b Graves	0	Hinchlipp b Kerr	0
Lambert run out	10	T. Crossley c Tyler b Wasse	72
Kerr b Ludford	4	Jackson b Wasse	3
Higham Jr. b Graves	2	Ludford c Hayward b Kerr	4
Hayward c Gibson b Ludford	3	Graves b Wasse	0
Tyler c Jackson b Ludford	8	Driver b Tyler	9
Smith b Graves	11	Brooks b Wasse	7
Pennell b Graves	2	Clarkson b w b Kerr	1
Cook c and b Driver	1	Smith run out	2
Wasse b Ludford	2	Lewis b Wasse	0
Maddock not out	4	Shaw not out	9
Byes, 3; leg byes, 5; wides, 9	17	Byes, 13; leg byes, 5; wides, 12	30
Total	67	Total	93

HARVARDS VS. SCRUB ELEVEN.—A match was arranged for the 25th ult., between the Harvard Cricket Club, of East Cambridge, and the Winnisimmets, of Chelsea, Mass., but, at a meeting held on the evening previous, it was found impossible to get together an eleven which would represent the Winnisimmets properly, and it was decided by them to either have the game postponed or surrender a ball, which decision they considered perfectly legal. According to the constitution of the club, it is necessary, before a match is played, that an eleven shall be selected by the club. No officer, or board of officers, has the slightest authority in the matter of choosing an eleven to represent the club. One of the principal officers, however, whose zeal ran away with his discretion, scratched together an amalgamated eleven, consisting of members and outsiders, and took them to Cambridge as the Winnisimmet club, without the sanction of the club. They were vanquished by the Harvards, who, in the two innings, scored 164 to 128. The W'n's, by a hearty majority, protest against the game being called a match game, or having any connection with the Winnisimmet Club, in which they are right, seeing that it was played contrary to the wishes of a large proportion of the members, and in direct violation of the constitution governing the organization.

NONANTUM CRICKET CLUB.—We hear that the Nonantum Club, of Newton, Mass., which was one of the rising cricket organizations of the east, has been disbanded, the field, one of the excellent ones in the country, having to be devoted to other purposes. W. Hammond, who has been professional to the club for the past few years, is under engagement to the Harvard College C. C. in future.

"RED STOCKINGS" VS. ALL CALIFORNIA.—On the 28th ult. a cricket match was played between an eleven of the "Red Stockings" and the All California team, the Cincinnatians winning, having scored 118 in one innings to 79, in two innings, by their opponents.

PEDESTRIANISM.

YOUNG AND ADSETTS MATCHED.—A meeting was held at this office on the afternoon of Thursday, 30th ult., pursuant to notification in last week's issue, when articles of agreement were drawn up and signed for a one hundred and fifty yards race between Wm. H. Young and Wm. H. Adsetts, to take place at the Paterson Race Course, Paterson, N. J., on Monday, 11th inst. The match is for $200 a side, of which amount $100 was put down by each, and the gentleman chosen as final stakeholder at the time of signing articles, and the conditions are that there shall be a five yards scratch start, the race to take place between 3 and 5 o'clock, P. M., play or pay, each man to be allowed but one attendant, and the course to be kept clear of everybody except the men, their attendants, and officials. The balance of the money, $100 a side, must be deposited in the stakeholder's hands before 5 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, 9th inst., and the referee is to be chosen on the ground on the day of the race. Both men are good runners, and as they have met before, and considerable rivalry exists between them, much interest will be centered in the contest. We are informed that the failure of Young to re-deposit his money on the 27th ult. was owing to his being unexpectedly obliged to leave the city.

THE JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP—LOOMIS AND WAY.—For some time past there has been a deal of talk between our leading jumpists, involving the championship, now held by Bob Way, but, for one reason or another, they have failed to arrive at any agreement in the premises. James Quin, of One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue, this city, has at last taken a step in the proper direction by putting up a deposit of one hundred dollars on behalf of Charles Loomis, as an earnest of his intentions in the proposed match between the latter and Way for $500 a side and the title of champion. He wishes Way, or his representatives, to meet him at the CLIPPER office on the 11th inst., between 10 and 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of signing articles, and, if the latter fails to cover his deposit and show up, Loomis will claim the championship. Should Way or his backers be unable to be on hand at the time designated, let them notify us when they can be present—as soon as possible thereafter.

AN AMAZON BEATEN.—There was a large gathering on Chelsea beach, Chelsea, Mass., on the morning of the 2d inst., to witness a jumping match between Maggie Fisher and Pat Murphy for a purse of $200. Murphy is the brother of Katie Murphy, the "jumpist." On tossing up for choice of first jump, it was won by Maggie, who cleared 10 feet 3 inches. Pat cleared 10 feet 9½ inches. On jump second Maggie made 10 feet 6½ inches; Murphy 10 feet—and so won the purse.

FOUR HUNDRED YARDS RACE.—George Brown and Jim Meiler ran a four hundred yards race, for $50 a side, at East Cambridge, Mass., on the 30th ult. Both men were well, but Brown was the favorite at the odds of 2 to 1. They got away to a good start, but Brown quickly sped to the front, and, at the end of half the distance, had the race safe, winning handily by two yards.

HARRY LANGLEY AND GEORGE KILLOO jumped for $150 a side at the corner of P and First streets, Boston, on the 1st inst. Harry cleared 10ft. 9¼in. at the first trial and 11ft. 1in. at the second, while Killoo cleared but 10ft. 8¾in. at the first attempt and 10ft. 9in. at the second.

JIM MORAN AND MIKE MURPHY ran a foot race, distance about two miles, at South Boston, on the 29th ult., for $25 a side, starting from the corner of First street and going to a point in Washington village, and return. Moran won by about twelve feet in 18 minutes.

SMITH VS. ADAMS.—A match for $100 a side has been made between James Smith and James Adams, the former to walk 16 miles to the latter's 15, at Brady's Curriculum, Jersey City, on Friday afternoon, 8th inst., starting at 2 o'clock.

BILL KENDRICKS says he will run W. H. Young 100 yards, for $500 a side, at either Meadville, Titusville or Petroleum Centre, Pa., allowing Young $50 for expenses.

EDWIN JACOBS AND NAT LANGDON ran a 200 yards race, for $50 a side, on Dorchester street, South Boston, Sept. 29th, the former winning by a yard and a half.

LACROSSE MATCH.—The first regular game of lacrosse played in this vicinity took place at the Capitoline ground, Brooklyn, on Friday, Oct. 1st, the contestants being the St. Regis (Indian) club, of Canada, and the Knickerbockers, of this city. The former is one of the two bands that have been giving exhibitions here for several weeks past, while the latter is a newly organized club, whose existence is due to the exertions of Messrs. John Horn, Geo. Wheeler, R. H. Charlton, McIntyre, Campbell and others; this being their opening game. The attendance did not exceed four hundred persons. The names of the Knickerbockers, together with the Canadian clubs of which they are ex-members, are as follows:—Alex. McIntyre (Excelsior, of Montreal), captain and fielder; Geo. Wheeler (Montreal, of Montreal), fielder; T. Campbell (Toronto) fielder; F. D. L. Calder (Crescent, of Montreal), home; W. H. Tweedie (St. Lawrence, of Quebec), fielder; R. M. Charlton (Veteran, of Quebec), cover point; George Potter (Wide Awake, of Brockville), fielder; A. J. Parry (Union, of Montreal), fielder; J. Foster, Jr., (Montreal), fielder; C. J. Maguire (Ottawa, of Ottawa City), goal keeper. We will not attempt to pen the jaw-breaking names of the sons of the forest, who all presented an appearance strikingly similar. The game will not admit of extended notice; the New Yorkers had not had any practice, and were in miserable condition, contrasted with their dark skinned antagonists, who had been in almost constant practice for weeks previous. They, however, exhibited a thorough knowledge of the game, added to great skill, and had this ability been backed up by stamina, they would have given the St. Regis a hard pull for it. With practice they will yet present a strong team, and from the energy displayed by the members they will, we are assured, use every exertion to attain this end. The Indians won three straight games, and, consequently, the match, the time occupied being respectively 16, 10 and 15 minutes. It is probable that other matches will follow between these clubs ere the red skins return to their homes. The Knickerbockers deserve every encouragement, and we trust that their efforts to establish this new (to us) athletic pastime will prove successful.

THE FIRST REVIEW of the Bunker Hill Yacht Squadron was held on the Mystic River, Boston, Mass., on the 21 inst.

BILLIARDS.

MAURICE DALY AFTER FRANK FITCH.—A few day ago Mr. Frank Fitch,—a player who for the past seven years, or since little Billy Goldthwaite moved his cares and penates from Albany, has had things billiardistic pretty much his own way up around Troy, Lansingburg, and the Capitol—challenged Maurice Daly, of this city, to play a carom game of 1,500 points, the contest to take place in Troy. Maurice is not disposed to go to Troy, but will play in this city, and is willing to allow Mr. Fitch $100 by way of expenses. Here is Daly's proposition, which is sufficiently liberal, one would think, to insure a match:—

YORKVILLE, Oct. 1st, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—Seeing through several papers that Mr. Fitch, or Troy, is desirous of playing me a match game of billiards, push barred, 1,500 points, each carom counting three, on a carom table, for ($500) five hundred dollars a side, allow me, through you, to state that I will play Mr. Fitch the above match and allow him $100 for expenses, providing he plays in New York. Hoping this will meet with a favorable response,

I remain, respectfully, MAURICE DALY.

MONTREAL MATTERS.—Mr. Beauchamp, who is in possession of the Amateur Cup of Montreal, having won it from Mr. Chadwick, and since defended it against Messrs. Parsons, Beauchamblant, and Reinhardt, has to play for it once more, when, should he be successful, it will become his unchallenged property. His final opponent will be Mr. Chadwick. On the 27th, Mr. Joseph Dion and Mr. Beauchamp, visited Laprairie, and gave an exhibition game and a display of fancy shots at the club, before a highly fashionable audience, by whom they were cordially received. After the entertainment was concluded, the ladies of the village presented Mr. Dion with a magnificent bouquet of flowers. The occasion was a very pleasant one.

CHICAGO MATTERS.—A New York amateur defeated Geo. Morris, of Chicago, by a score of 500 to 280. The push shot was allowed, and the stake was $50.....There is to be a new room there, with twenty-four tables on one floor.....R. T. Ryall is now at Moran & Gray's, 90 Dearborn street.....Pierre Carme's room, re-opened two weeks ago, has been bought out since. The new proprietor proposes to put the Phelan & Collender cushion on all the tables. The room has two such.

THE CHAMPION GONE TO CALIFORNIA.—John Deery, holder of the diamond cue, has, since the 28th ult., been railroading it to San Francisco. As the cue has been forwarded to him, the presumption is that the champion will reside permanently in the city of the Golden Gate. Should he do so, his contest with Cyrille Dion will most likely take place in St. Louis or Chicago.

THE NEVADA CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match for the championship of Nevada and $100, at Virginia City, between Isaac Lamkin and W. N. Brimacome, resulted in favor of Lamkin

THE BARKEEPER'S FATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WRIGHT BAUER.

A lively boy was Jimmy Smith,
Ne'er given to depression—
'Gainst care and gloom he *barred* his door—
The bar was his profession.

His *stock in* trade (not *hosiery*)
I give it to the letter,
Was "whiskies, wines and lager bier"—
Could *e'er a* stock be better?

A clever boy was little Jim,
Possessed of sterling merits,
And when *good spirits* were in him,
Then he was in *good spirits*.

He fed the "beats" and "sponges" too,
With most superb free lunches;
Though he ne'er *fought*, he oft indulged
In *smashes* and in *punches*.

But trade began to slacken up,
And when 'twas very dull
His *bottles* oft were *empty*, while
As often he was *full*.

Poor Jim was *ailing*, too, 'twas said,
(His *ale* was giving out).
And that was strange, indeed, for he
Was always getting *stout*.

But while as stouter Jimmy grew,
His business went to rust;
Until his loving friends declared
That he was sure to *bust*.

At length the "*tremens*" seized poor Jim
With most *tremendous* force;
But, as his health was very *fine*,
He didn't die, of *course*.

But all this *preyed* upon his *mind*—
He never more was jolly;
But in his *mind* he often *prayed*
And grew quite melancholy.

Until at length he once resolved,
With many a quamish shiver,
He'd get quite tull, and then he'd throw
Himself into the river.

"Alas!" says Jim, as on the bank
He locates his huge body,
My whiskey *stings* I'll *sting* away—
To-day I leave my *toddy*."

"My whiskey straight I now will mix
With something weaker here—
These *waters* will around this child
Shall be his only *tier*."

And then he leaped into the stream,
And sank clear out of sight,
And, as there's nothing *left* of him,
We trust that all is *right*.

His body was soon after found—
All trace of life had gone. It,
Of course, required the coroner
To come and sit upon it.

The jury, though, could not agree
On what had caused his slaughter;
The *temperance* men said 'twas *strong drink*—
The *topers* said 'twas *water*.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES;

OR,

The Beneficent Fairy and Her Miraculous Gift.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The overstocked city has many a dingy lane and dusky by-way which the garish light of day rarely penetrates, but leaves to fester unseen amid its heaps of decaying filth and garbage, as though the sunbeam might lose something of its brightness by lingering, even for a moment, in a spot so ill-favored.

In one of these noisome, blind alleys, lived Barnaby Crook, so grey in hue, so lame, and bent, and blind, that, pausing in his low doorway as the shadows deepened he might well have been mistaken for a portion of the tumble-down building he inhabited. Quite close at hand the rear wall of a theatre abutted upon the lane, and here, in his dank, cobwebbed nook, beside the stage entrance, old Barnaby might daily be found as doorkeeper—a being of singular habits, austere and wordless, as much a part of the classic edifice as the venerable scenery and properties with which the regions beneath the stage were cumbered, and as uncommunicative. The people who dwelt in the lane were, like it, grey and wrinkled, and partook of the same mouldy look, but knew as little of Barnaby as the dead stone walls which surrounded his earthly prison. There was a mystery about the old humpback which no one could solve, and, as usual in such cases, superstition added its influences to the popular rumor. It was currently whispered that Barnaby's house was haunted; that spirits flitted and hovered about his hearthstone, and forms came and went that evidently were not of earthly make. The naughty boys of the vicinity told strange stories of him, and there were rumors of fabulous sums, in gold, concealed by him in the walls and cellars of his domicile, and of mysterious bones hidden in the well holes of the theatre, supposed to be those of his victims—though in what manner decoyed there no one dreamed of suggesting.

Only one human being consented to share with the recluse the solitude of his dwelling. What even she was like the witnesses could not definitely have sworn, for her features, and even her form, were concealed from curiosity by a loose, ill-fitting brown dress and hood, as she flitted spirit-like with him (always with him) between the dwelling and the theatre. More than one of the juveniles there inhabiting had in fact sought to waylay her, in the ill-defined hope that she might be induced to strip her disguise and appear to him in *propria personæ* as the beneficent "fairy of the golden star," or some other of the recognized deities of the realm of pantomime, with any number of corresponding gifts.

On one of the memorable cold winter nights bygone, when the snow was falling in masses, piling itself in huge drifts in the doorways and angles of buildings, and the wind screamed in wildest key through the narrower passages, old Barnaby was aroused by a confusion of voices, loud cries and shouting, and by the rap of a watchman's locust on the walls adjacent. A moment afterward a dark figure, wrapped in a shawl, darted up the alley, and, seeing the door of old Barnaby's open, slipped in and closed it, just as Barnaby was coming into the entry with a lantern to investigate the disturbance.

"For the sake of Heaven," cried the stranger, falling on his knee, with clasped hands and a look of mortal terror, "give me protection and shelter."

"How do I know what you may have done?" rejoined Barnaby; "bad characters are getting numerous of late, and, for aught I know, you may have committed a murder."

"Do I look like a murderer?" asked the applicant, pleadingly.

Barnaby held his light to as frank and handsome a countenance as had ever crossed his vision, that of a young man with glossy curling hair and limbs full of youthful grace and agility, though clad in apparel somewhat the worse for hard usage.

"Um—no," replied Barnaby, "but the Devil, they say, was always handsomer than he is painted."

"Hark, they are coming this way. Only let me be hidden here till to-morow, and I promise you shall be fully satisfied, and paid besides."

"Get down those stairs, then; in the cellar you will find a pile of old furniture, behind which you may conceal yourself till the danger is past."

The stranger disappeared just as Barnaby unloosed the door and peered out into the night. He was met by a policeman, who asked him if he had seen a fugitive pass.

"What idiot would penetrate a place like this on such a night?" returned Barnaby, evasively. "Perhaps you could tell me what he was like and what he has done?"

"What's that to you?" was the retort; "I've no time to parley. Lend me your lantern; the place is so dark, one requires the eyes of a cat." And, taking the light, he proceeded, with a crowd that had collected, to follow the windings of the alley. Presently he returned, as if satisfied that he had been on the wrong scent, roughly apologized for his trouble, and withdrew.

It was in those good old times when the people were not surfeited with theatrical performances, and the theatres (two or three only,) were periodically closed for weeks, to prepare for the ensuing season, and Barnaby Crook, being accustomed during that interval to hibernate like the bear, passing the vacation dormant in his den, was not sorry to have the gloom of his retreat enlivened by the presence of any human being whose conversation might cheer his retiracy. The fugitive, after due time, being called from his hiding place, found a comfortable apartment prepared to receive him, a sparkling fire glowing in the capacious grate, and on the table the remains of a supper, of which luxury Barnaby always partook at midnight, moistening it by a forum of spiced Jamaica, let the weather be such as it would. But still more surprised was the stranger to find the table tended by a young girl, as yet a mere child, beautiful enough to be the idol of an artist; for he had heard of the utter seclusion of the old man's life, and had never associated with his daily surroundings the idea of youth and beauty.

"My grandchild," he said, nodding towards her as she wheeled his great arm chair closer to the fire, and encircling her affectionately with one arm as he put back her bright, golden hair, "at least so I call her. The orphan child of an old stage companion of mine, who disappeared mysteriously years ago and has never been heard of since. I brought her up from a child, and if I should fall short in my stay and support she has been to my years you would hardly believe me. Ah! you eat as if the food did you good. You have fasted."

"Since yesterday. I durst not show myself for fear of recognition, and yet this will show you that it was not for lack of means."

He tossed him a well filled purse as he spoke. The stranger, having finished, drew a chair to the fire, and, lighting a pipe, heaved a sigh.

"Barnaby," he said at length (so he knew his name, too), after a little time passed in revery, "do I look like a lunatic?"

"No more than I," replied Barnaby Crook; "yet some will have it that I am crazy, too."

"Yet for no other allegation have I, a man in the full enjoyment of health and faculties, owing no man a dollar and doing no wrong, been deprived of my liberty, despoiled of my inheritance, clad in a suit of the most unappropriate, though, for the season," he said with a laugh—"and immured in a private mad-house, while those who accomplished my ruin roll in their carriages and mix with the rich and great."

"I have heard of such things," said the old man musingly, "and thank the fates I have never been blessed either with relatives like these or with fortune to tempt their cupidity."

"You have a fortune here," said the stranger, drawing the girl towards him.

"You would say so, could you see her as *I* have seen her," exclaimed Barnaby with enthusiasm. "She will be a great lady, sir, although only in the *ballet* as yet, with a part in the chorus."

"An actress—and so young! I, too, have had such aspirations, and, with proper encouragement, might have been— But it's past—all past," he added abruptly, gazing into the fire.

The youth's story was soon told. He had been born to a fortune, but having, like a certain eminent character in the play, been smitten with a passion for histrionic honors, had mingled with the players and shared, for a while, the half gipsey life of the strollers. A legacy which only interfered with his prospects in this line, and he was hastening to enjoy it when he was arrested by a recreant brother, and transferred to the keeping of the hospitable asylum aforesaid, and from which he had only escaped on the day preceding.

The night wore away most agreeably, for Barnaby Crook possessed his share of intelligence, and delighted to indulge in reminiscences of the great actors with whom it had been his privilege to associate in the long past days. He grew actually eloquent as he dwelt upon reminiscences of the time when "Old Barrere" was in high favor as a manager, and Edmund Simpson, an actor, in his prime; when Cooke and Matthews vied with each other in their exhibitions of contempt for the people whose money they were by no means loth to handle; when Cooper was the surest card to draw, and Mason was followed by his regular train of admirers. He spoke with ecstacy of Clara Fisher, as the public pet of those days, and avowed the dearest wish of his life to be that his pretty grandchild, the little May Rose, as he called her, should live to take part in her triumphs.

"Barnabas," suddenly interrupted the stranger, "you have told me that they are about to tender you a benefit, as a recognition of your many services. I have some talent, they tell me, too. What say you? Shall I have an opening?"

"But your relatives—they might recognize you."

"No fear of that; they are of that kind who regard the theatre as a trap set by the devil, and would as soon think of going to Hades direct as of passing its threshold. Let me have but the opportunity, I will lead them all yet."

The terms were easily arranged, for in those anything but palmy days of Old Drury it was no difficult matter for an aspirant to achieve a *debut* who had a little money to back him. You may think me exaggerating, but I have attended that classic temple of the Muses night after night when such performers as Placide, Chippendale, Fisher, Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Wheatley were sustaining the most arduous *roles* in standard comedy, in the most brilliant manner, to empty benches, even the free tickets sent out to be distributed among the surrounding barrooms failing to increase the number by a dozen. There are some yet living who vividly remember the sleek grey rat who occasionally popped up from some hole near the orchestra lights, and who, when Harry Placide, on one occasion, chanced to drop his wig, which had been sprinkled with flour, pounced upon it, and undertook to carry it off as his perquisite, in spite of the violin bow of Mr. Chubb, the conductor. In the meantime the new guest was to remain concealed, quite satisfied with his treatment, in a house which was haunted by no worse a spirit than the genie May Rose, who administered to all his needs with a sisterly care.

The newspapers next morning contained a glowing account of the escape from the private madhouse of Bloomingdale Cross roads, of "Harry Trevor," a dangerous lunatic, who had already spread destruction in every direction, and was capable of any atrocity when under aberration; but as no reward was offered, the paragraph excited no attention and was soon forgotten.

Under a new name and by the assistance of his dresser, (I believe "Dummy Allen," then in the special employ of Edwin Forrest, as costumer, had volunteered for the occasion too), Harry had managed to disguise himself so effectually, that none but a very intimate friend could have known him. Although a first essay, his success was assured from the moment of his entrance, albeit the piece was a simple comedietta, requiring natural ability rather than art, and from the moment he felt assured of a prominent position among the light comedians of the day. The musical spectacle of "Cherry and Fair Star," while it added to the laurels already achieved by the little May-rose (now budding into a beautiful womanhood), confirmed the already favorable impression with regard to himself. An engagement was offered and accepted, but on the night of his first regular appearance the ears of the sleepers were disturbed by the dismal clangor of the old Hall bell, and Harry awoke from his visions of conquest to find the hallowed edifice in flames.

The accident put an end to Harry's engagement for the nonce, but it fared even worse with old Barnaby, for the exertions consequent upon the affair brought on an attack of pleurisy, which speedily carried him to his grave. With his dying breath Barnabas Crook solemnly bequeathed his darling May Rose to his fraternal care, and, in trust for her, a sum of money which he had from time to time accumulated in the exercise of his calling, and which was found stowed away behind the bricks of the chimney and beneath the cobbled flooring of the cellar. Harry and May, dashing season throughout the north and west with the youthful and beautiful May Rose under his guardianship; a sensation was created, and numerous offers of brilliant city engagements followed. That a feeling of greater warmth than friendship should spring from this association, so strangely consummated, was but natural, and thenceforward the same paths of triumph were opened for both. The fortune intended for Trevor was quickly dissipated by the next of kin, but Harry had little reason to complain, for that which had been denounced by inconsiderate friends as his ruin became, in the light of his guiding star, his redemption and his blessing.

If, after all I have said, the leading incidents of my sketch should fail to be recognized, the fault is assuredly none of mine. BOB O'GOTHAM.

MY PRETTY VIS-A-VIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There is an old Irishism which says that, whenever a pretty woman wishes to torment one, she will fondle a baby or make mouths at a canary bird. Opposite to my room in the St. Pierre (there are a hundred courts, so called in Paris, and mine was hardly individualized, being like the general run, a score of "tumble down tenements," much resembling snaggled teeth in a misshapen mouth, were it not for the half-cleansed linens that were strung continuously from roof to roof between the narrow walk and the blue vault of heaven, and which detracted much from the poetic observation of that much rhymed about locality), opposite my room, I say, dwelt a pretty little grisette, who would, at certain periods, leave her house-work and throw the most bewildering kisses to a great lumbering parrot, and the "green geese" blinked disgustingly, as though he was hardly aware of the value of these attentions. Kissing by throwing was, evidently, not the ornithological salutation of affection, for Poll would sometimes respond in a shower of curses and profanity, delivered in excellent *Gallic*, at which my entrancer would shake her pretty fingers, as if to say how wrong it was of him to talk so, while her dark eyes would sparkle merrily with the fun she could not suppress, and indicated at least an easy conscience, if not a downright appetite for frolic.

Now, newspaper letter writing is an employment which helps to allay the expense attendant on a sojourn abroad, but it is an occupation which cannot sponge up all the time as it passes. So I used to sit at the window a good part of the day, inhale muscular perique and—watch for the little charmer opposite. There were a couple of old people in her lodgings, I believe, but greasy madames and wily monsieurs were so far from being a novelty that I hardly noted if such was the case.

One day I screwed my courage (being naturally bashful) up to that point as to wave my handkerchief to her. She saw the movement and retired with her face flushing crimson. I can say, without vanity, however, that, after that, the attentions to Polly were doubled, and often she would bring her sewing to the window and sing, in a sweet, clear voice, the most delightful love ballads. It was quite delicious, sitting there on the warm June days, coquetting and stealing glances, while the drowsy atmosphere was a dangerous incentive to amatory mood.

"Grau," said I one day to my porter, "do you know who that pretty girl is who owns the parrot opposite?"

"She keeps house for M. Jacquet," he growled, eyeing me suspiciously; "her name is Jeannette."

"Could you manage to slip this in her hand," said I, taking a perfumed missive from my pocket, which I had prepared, and which breathed a world of love and devotion.

He took it gingerly as though it were a small torpedo, and not until I had put a silver piece in his hand did he consent to bear it. I had asked her to meet me at a certain time and place, and as I stood at the door of the wine shop below, where I took my meals, I turned my eyes up and saw the pretty face peeping out. Immediately after a little bit of cherry ribbon came floating down to me. "She consents," I cried rapturously, and put the token in my bosom.

At the appointed time, about dusk, I stood at the tryst, beneath an old clock that was embedded in a crumbling wall of grey stone, several squares from our court, and before long I saw the damsel approaching, got up in a bewitching style—muslin skirt and a little chip hat that sat daintily on the heavy braids of her fine dark hair. Her eyes were expressively languishing and her cheeks glowed crimson with the anticipation of enjoyment. Her ripe, rounded figure was charmingly set off with a multitude of heart entangling ribbons, a very net indeed for a susceptible fellow's affections.

"Of course I never should have come," she said, nestling close to me, "but I have the utmost confidence in you, besides I am going to make some exactions."

"I am your most devoted slave," I replied.

"There are to be no improprieties."

"Agreed," said I, with my mouth dropping a little.

"No bad behavior of any kind."

"Agreed," said I again.

"And you must never kiss me except when I tell you to."

"By heaven, my little Methodist, you draw the lines very tight, indeed. Well, I'll promise, and you may depend on me."

We were drawn into a whirlwind of fun that evening. First we had a nice little supper at Dupont's, truffles maraichale, *gattiaux*, coffee, brandy and cigarettes; then a quiet, agreeable chat at the Mont Matre, where a new comedy was produced; then a rousing *dejeuner* at Sebastian Cline's, that monarch of the cook book, with any quantity of vintage, and where my *protege* developed an extraordinary appetite for pickled snail, which delicacy she devoured with avidity. We then joined a late steamboat party out of town. It was a lovely moonlight night, and, far away from the million lights of the city, we discovered an old ruined chateau, overgrown with fragrant vines and located in a perfect wilderness of wild flowers, where we and a merry party made love, danced and frolicked, until the yellow streaks that were tinging the dark grey of the eastern sky told us that old Sol was coming up, and we then returned to the city.

Next day I had abed, wholly overcome by the innocent dissipations we had indulged in, and I must confess that my day dreams were peopled with a hundred little Jeannettes. I was hopelessly, irretrievably in love. The tender feeling had entered a heart that had hitherto been invulnerable save to a mild grade of flirtation, and it compelled me to think of nothing but my pretty little neighbor; and for weeks to come I committed improprieties in the way of wretched French rhymes which were of inexcusable under the circumstances.

The ice broken, we were often together; now a new drama or operetta at the theatre, now an excursion out in the flower-jeweled fields, now a walk on the boulevards at twilight, with substantial limits of cream and *sucre*, occupied our attention, and I was, without question, the most love sick *jeune homme* that ever had his affections snared.

One day I had received a "bill," had duly cashed it and laid the forty glittering *louis d'ors*, a precious roll, away in my little iron strong box, determining, as I sulted them in, that Jeannette should have a grand frolic that evening.

I suspected that my porter, Jean, an overgrown, idle young fellow, had grown misanthropic and jealous, I am sure he entertained designs in the same direction, and considered him no longer trustworthy, so I had rigged up a little telegraph across the court, composed of two spools and a thick, strong silk cord, upon which I dispatched my billets to Jeannette. This message and invitation I sent whirling across, and the little wooden wheels shrilly creaked the alarm, which she was never slow at answering.

I shall never forget the indignant pang that shot through my bosom when I beheld an immense fellow, with a black moustache and a vermillion nose which appeared several sizes too large, appear at her window, complacently take possession of the billet, and proceed to peruse it. What could I do but retire in disgust, and a green-eyed monster preyed violently at my bosom. With an intensity of rage I threw myself upon my couch and tried to stifle my feelings, while ever and anon I could hear a harsh, coarse voice bandying obscenity with the parrot.

Towards evening I heard the signal squeak, and, springing to my feet, I beheld Jeannette at the other end of the "route," nodding a vigorous affirmative, as though she had a spring in her neck, like a Chinese figure.

"I can at least ask an explanation," said I to myself, and was at the appointment place on time.

"Well, mademoiselle," said I with chilling hauteur when she made her appearance, "I am surprised you should favor me when you have other admirers, before whose fascinations a homely devil like myself should keep in the background."

"What do you mean?" she said, with her cheeks blanching, and looking me entreatingly in the eyes.

"Ah, you simulate well," I replied, nervously, endeavoring to elevate my nose, while I felt my lips tremble.

"I do not comprehend you," she said, faintly, as though her voice failed her; "what has your poor little Jeannette done to offend you?"

"Why, my little innocence," said I, my bad temper getting the best of me, "that damned scoundrel I saw in your room, that fortunate possessor of the black moustache and elephantine nose, who shares your correspondence as though ——"

"Oh *mon dieu!*" she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "it is my poor, dear brother; oh, *mon cher*, how could you be so unjust?"

"Oh what a fool I have been," I cried, endeavoring to soothe her. "Jeannette—there girl, I acknowledge my fault—it is nothing. See, you are attracting attention."

She contrived by a convulsive effort to choke her sobs, and told me that she forgave my unjust suspicions, and asked *me* to kiss her cheek.

So there was peace between us, and we enjoyed our ramble that evening all the more because of the little thunder shower and restoration of confidence.

One morning as I was engaged on my letters to the states, I heard the sound of a woman wailing as if in distress, and the moaning came directly to my door. It opened, and there was Jeannette before me—in such a plight. Her face was as pallid as a sheet, and her rich dark hair fell in dishevelled masses about her bare, white shoulders; an old dress was apparently her only covering, and her little pink feet kept peeping out in a most distressing manner. The tears absolutely poured down her cheeks, and she bent on me an agonized glance and clinched my hand.

"Jeannette, girl—my darling, in heaven's name what does this mean? Tell me, what is the matter?"

"Oh, my brother! my brother!" she moaned, and clasped my hand tighter in hers.

"What of him?" I said, with a feeling akin to relief; "is he dead?"

"Oh no, no, my best beloved. But you understand he is my guardian, and he swears that if I do not bring him twenty louis, he will take me to Algeria, where he starts to this afternoon."

"Twenty louis is a large sum, Jeannette."

"Then you do not love me ——"

"Better than life, my charming. Say no more," and I opened my little treasure box and eyed the twenty shiners wistfully as I put them in her hand. "Now he will relinquish every claim on you."

"He will as sure as there's a sun."

"But if he should not?"

"You can appeal to the police," she cried fiercely, "and they will protect you."

"Well, well, now let me kiss you."

I pressed her to my heart, put my lips to hers which were so ripe and juicy, and tasted the sweet nectar that lay thereon. Just for a moment I held heid her so, gazing in her eyes, and then she was gone.

The day had well nigh passed, and no Jeannette came back to me. Impatient and anxious in spirit, I went to M. Jacquet, but he had not seen her since morning.

"Jean," said I, as I met that functuary ascending the stairs, with a tray full of bread, meat and coffee, "you know Jacquet's little Jeannette; have you seen her?"

"Yes," said Jean, gruffly, "I have."

"Then her brother has carried her away."

"Her brother," said Jean, opening his eyes, "it is her lover that took her away, and you'd have thought there was devilish little carrying about it, if you had seen her hugging his arm. Oh, he's a devil of a fellow, I assure you; there's not a woman in the neighborhood can resist his hussar's moustache and fiery nose."

"By heavens 'tis he," I exclaimed, in agony.

"Hallos," said Jean, with a coarse laugh, "so he has taken away your little *bon bon?*"

"But it is impossible; she could never be such a creature as you describe her."

"She changes color well, I confess, and can weep like nature. I could have told you that before if you were less greedy in the matter, or even if you had asked me. In point of fact, Monsieur, it is so notorious that every one wonders how so reputable a citizen as M. Jacquet has borne with her so long." With that he turned on his heel, and as I heard his heavy iron shod shoes go echoing down the long passage, my heart sank within me, and I climbed up despondingly to my little chamber. I could get little satisfaction at the police station; I had nothing to show, nothing to prove; and when I was questioned my own standing in the matter did not look well.

I never calculated my loss. Even now it makes me feel blue to think of it. It is all recorded in memory, however, and though the entry relative in my memoranda is brief, it is succinct and to the point. It reads thus:—*I tried to trim a strange lamp and burnt my fingers badly.*

VALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 3.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

You often heerd told boud der Big Judge, didn'd you. Here he is; dis is Mike Connoily, Regisder of der Cldy and Coundy of New York, mit no salary und oney $100,000.00 a year fees. Dot aind bad to dook for a shmall family vere dere aind much milluck. Misder Connolly is a ecksdreamly popular man mit de boor beeples of der ubber end of der cldy, und of he vas to say he vas a candydade he cood be elected mitoud hafing a dicket printed. He is a gread man mit der beeple, und vatefer he says dey all peleef. He is Bolice Jusdice, doo, und his derm is mosd oud; conseykerwendly, he will oney hafe der Regisder's bosition to subbord himself mit, und I'm fraid he can'd do id. He holds a courd efery mornin und night in his house, und efery von goes do him und asks him for affice, und he gifes id do dem doo—some he affices nod do bodder him my more. Connolly is a good man ad heardt, und he means vell—he likevise means to hold office so long as he lifes, und he is righd, doo. I nefer saw any of dem yed dot wasn'd villing to do der same ding. Bully for der Big Judge—long may he wafe.

Here comes a nice durn oud. Dis is a fine arrangemend—von black horse und a vite von—und I vant you to understhood dot dey can drot for a man's life doo. Dis arrangemend belongs to Gus Belkmap, und a finer gendleman dere isn'd in der coundry—he is a gendleman clean drough, und efery von knows id. Dere is a goot many gendlemen now-a-days, Sharley, dot oney know aboud id demselfs, bud Gus is a gendleman dot leds his friends dell id for him. He is in der hardware pisness in Shamber shdreet, righd cross der vay from der New Coundy Court House—holesale, of course—und he is doin a smashin pisness. Gus is a nice, gwiet, easy going fellow, hosbidable as a brince, und he is goot nadured as anyding. He has god a nice blace ub ad Vashingdon Heighds, und his nice shdudy is to make his friends velcome und comfordable ven dey come do see him. Gus is fond of combany, und I bromised him a goot many dimes dot I vood call on him, bud you know, Sharley, I am der vorsd von in der vorld to go visiding, und ven I gid home nights after ve hafe been oud togedder, I am so dired dot I vant to go righd do bed und shleeb me for a leedle vile. I cand shtood goin around like I use to. I gid blayed oud very easy now—"I'm nod so young like I use to vas boud lordy years ago."

Sharley, here is a couble more ball tossers, und dey look like id doo. Dot is a nice leedle mare dey haie god, und she is a goot von I am any chudge of horses' flesh; she looks as if she might feel pooty bad if she vas led oud. Der von drifin is Ed'y Gragin, son of Tom Gragin dot use to keep dem shdables on der corner of 7d avenue und 42d shdreet ven he vas alife. Eddy is a goot sharb blayer, und he can blay firsd rade ven he hasn'd god doo much crease on his hair. He is von of der coarse hand bookkeebers in der Regisder's office, und is veil liked. Der oder von is Andy Sloan, und vatefer he gets his looks he dorned indo oud dere. Andy blays "left field," and of anyding comes any veres near him he shcoobs id. I like to see a good game of ball, und I gid so oxsited somedimes dot I vant to go in myself und muff von or dwo just to show dem how to do id. You might see fidy games und you vood sid like a shdouden bidder boddle all drough mitoud gidding your idens up vonce. Dot vas der man I vas talking to you, Sharley, all on you vas efer indended for vas to keeb hash from shboiling. Dot's all you vas made for, you dick headed shcoundrel.

Do you know Larry Clancy, de clerk of der Marines' Court? Dis is hun drifing dis sorrel horse. Larry is a gay boy, und he is full all der dime—full of fun, I mean—he likes a joke bound so well as anypody I know, und will do anyding dot aind oudt of der vay to get a laf on anypody. Dey vas connected in dis garts a long vile, und vat he don'd know bound law bapers aind vorth anyding to anypody. He is a real goot feller, und he is vell liked by efery von dot knows him, und eferypody und his vife knows Larry Clancy. Of dere is any fun goin on in any blace you can bed your lasd shdamp dot Larry knows chust vere id vill be, und der dime id is comin off. Larry can dell a goot many leedle funny dings connected mit his experience in courd, in vorden vood make dese leedle beeples laff. I peleef he is a Honorary Memper of der Blue Stockings, und ven dey blay a game of ball base he is cerdainly to be on hand. He is drifing indo Gus Sibbens, Sharley, und I bresume he is once goin in dere to gid his hor's's mond shonged out. Sharley, dots fery necessary dings in a vigorous affirmative, as though she had a shpring in her neck, like a Chinese figure.

"I can at least ask an explanation," said I to myself, and was at the appointment place on time.

"Well, mademoiselle," said I with chilling hauteur when she made her appearance, "I am surprised you should favor me when you have other admirers, before whose fascinations a homely devil like myself should keep in the background."

"What do you mean?" she said, with her cheeks blanching, and looking me entreatingly in the eyes.

"Ah, you simulate well," I replied, nervously, endeavoring to elevate my nose, while I felt my lips tremble.

"I do not comprehend you," she said, faintly, as though her voice failed her; "what has your poor little Jeannette done to offend you?"

"Why, my little innocence," said I, my bad temper getting the best of me, "that damned scoundrel I saw in your room, that fortunate possessor of the black moustache and elephantine nose, who shares your correspondence as though ——"

"Oh *mon dieu!*" she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "it is my poor, dear brother; oh, *mon cher*, how could you be so unjust?"

"Oh what a fool I have been," I cried, endeavoring to soothe her. "Jeannette—there girl, I acknowledge my fault—it is nothing. See, you are attracting attention."

She contrived by a convulsive effort to choke her sobs,

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

MARRYING AN ACTOR.—Mrs. Siddon's father (Roger Kemble) had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it, he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride, "nobody can call *him* an actor."

MEN ONE WOULD RATHER NOT MEET.—Men who tell stories that run into one another, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of any of them. Men who have quarrelled with all their relations. Men who have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends.

WHY THE BELL WAS TOLLED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A deep and solemn funeral knell
Went out from the old church steeple;
"Old man! for whom do you toll the bell?
What one of our good town's people?
Perchance (or some young and beautiful child,
Gone, like dew in the early morning;
Or some maiden, pure and undefiled,
Now a brighter sphere adorning.

"Or toll you the bell for an aged one,
Who, a little while before us,
From a dream-like life has just passed on
To that final haven o'er us?
O, the longest life is short at best,
Like a day of stormy weather,
And we journey on to that land of rest,
The Young and the Old together."

And the Sexton wiped his dim grey eyes,
As his mournful task was ended,
And his bosom heaved with heavy sighs
From grief that was unpretended,
Said the old man—"I know full well
That this life is short and fleeting—
But to-day, my friend, I toll the bell
'Cos there happens to be a Town Meeting." J. H. B.

A BOY OF THE PERIOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY "THE MODEST QUENCHER."

Jim Dusenberry was a bad boy. At least so said all the men, women, children and policemen for miles around. His principal physical characteristics consisted of a small supply of shirt, bristly hair, full of the devil, and a pair of small eyes full of "squint." However much one may be inclined to doubt the truth of the following report, it still remains an indubitable fact that his nurse positively avers that, when but a few hours old, he puckered up his little mouth and distinctly said "Darn it," at the same time making a vigorous effort to kick her in the ribs. As a baby he was positively awful. The art of howling he acquired with perfect ease, and liberally did he indulge in it, more especially during the quiet midnight hours. Did anybody feel a little more fatigued than usual, did nurse wish very much to have a little gossip, did dad feel particularly cross, then did young Jim Dusenberry howl to a ferocious extent. It may not be uninteresting to remark, as a proof of his ferocious disposition, that he ate his good plate of beefsteak rare when but two weeks old, and preferred roast beef to bread and milk. With such a beginning it need cause no surprise to state that, at seven years of age, he was a terror to the neighborhood. He could say "Yuba Dam" to perfection, and had already told his parents that he didn't care, and once, when remonstrated with for cutting off a little slice of his brother's ear, he had the sublime impudence to tell his dad to go there himself—whatever that might mean.

To the boys of the neighborhood he was as a demon. Not a boy for miles around but could boast of a "lickin'" from Jim Dusenberry. His very appearance was enough to strike terror to their hearts. He wore his hat on the back of his head, thus allowing one to have a chance to behold his pleasant eyes as they squinted comfortably at you. His pants were always stuffed in his boots, thus allowing him every chance for a quiet, effective kick, and his coat sleeves were always rolled up, as if ready in case of emergency. There was also a vague idea among the boys of a very large jack knife, hidden somewhere in the depths of his pockets. One day, while sauntering slowly along the street, he met the gentle Willie Flaxenbury, accompanied by a mutual friend. The latter intended Willie to Jim. Willie, like the good boy that he was, approached, put out his hand, and said that he was very glad to become acquainted with him. James squinted at him for two seconds, and then, taking a small chip from the ground, asked Willie if he would knock that from his shoulder. Willie very obligingly did as requested, and for his politeness in the matter was immediately made the recipient of a terrific "bust" in the eye, which caused him to sit down in a very brusque manner. This resulted in a week's confinement for Willie. On the first day that he ventured out after this, he was standing quietly at his door, when a boy approached and gave a note to the convalescent. The cold perspiration broke out over poor Willie's face as he read the following missive:—

"You darned blower, I will bluddy your nose as soon as I ketch you. JIM DUSENBERRY."

This, and other incidents I could relate, will sufficiently illustrate the boy's character. At ten years of age he could smoke his gentle cigar and chew his "nifts" of tobacco, as well as the best of them. At this period of his age, he had successfully broken a few hundred panes of glass, had "licked" a small army of boys, had taken out of a dozen windows, and stolen a dozen nights and taken his comfortable little "licking" from his dad in the morning, with philosophical resignation, and had cut up generally in a perfectly reckless manner. One morning his pa brought him to school, and was very much surprised to see him return in a very few hours. In going to the school to ascertain the trouble, he learned that Jim had, in that short time, "licked" four "fellers" for not telling him the lesson; had successfully "dumped" a bench load of little boys, who had been sitting quietly, with folded arms, for over an hour; had been guilty of the offence of singing "Kemo Kimo," whilst the rest were singing one of their moral songs; and last, but not least, he had pushed the teacher against the hot stove, while that worthy was attempting to punish him for the above misdemeanors. For these actions his pa determined to punish him in a severe manner; so, calling Jim, he grabbed him and dragged him up stairs, with fire in his eye, and a stout cane in his hand, despite the appeals of Jim's mother, who piteously entreated pa to be very careful and not kill Jim. In one short minute she heard a fearful commotion up stairs. Shouts, blows and curses resounded through the house. Fearful for Jim's life, she rushed up stairs, when an astounding sight met her eyes. Pa was reclining on the floor, yelling lustily, while James, with his knees on his dad's breast, was whacking him unmercifully. With such a promising beginning 'tis easy to imagine his after life.

At sixteen he became a dry goods clerk. He resigned in two days, on account of a little difficulty. Being remonstrated with by the man at the desk for talking too much to the ladies, he had playfully grabbed the man by his flowing beard and attempted the startling experiment of drawing him through the small money hole in the railings. At twenty he took his "modest quencher." At twenty-one he was madly in love. He knocked off drinking for two weeks, until, one day he discovered his charmer walking with another "feller." Without waiting a moment, he touched the man with the hard end of his cane, tumbled the young lady very unceremoniously into the most convenient gutter, slapped him hat on the back of his head, ferociously strode away, uttering a few expressions relating to his utter want of belief in female constancy, walked into the first vile bar-room, and softly whispered "Bob." Taking a little more than the glass could hold, he drained it without any water, or any murmur, and thus ended his first love adventure. After this, he became a devotee at the shrine of Bacchus, and when he drank he had to be accommodated with two tumblers for his liquor. His nose grew crimson, his dress seedy and he dispensed with collars. This, in a young man, is a dreary sign. Becoming reduced, he still had sufficient influence to procure the position of stage driver, which position he held for one trip, being "sacked" at the end of that time for behaving badly to the male. It appears he had run over a few women and children; had driven at about the rate of sixty miles an hour, and, on being complained to by the passengers, he had thrust his ugly "phiz" through the hole and quietly remarked that he would come down to the next man that spoke and reason with him. Thus did J. B. drop lower and lower in the social scale, and it need cause no surprise when we state that he was "nabbed" one dark night while cautiously entering a jewelry establishment with two other gentlemen. He served faithfully as an inmate in stone, and graduated successfully from one of our governmental studios, and is, at the present time, a bright particular "bummer" in our metropolis, earning a precarious living by finding dollar bills and gold watches, and also effectually serving as an awful warning to my young readers not to "go and do likewise."

An Ohio Belle on a Buffalo Hunt.

A reporter of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives the following account of a Columbus *belle's* visit to the plains:—"Miss Sallie Tallmadge, the accomplished daughter of Mr. T. W. Tallmadge, of Columbus, Ohio, seemed to be about nineteen years old—we say *seemed*, because our gallantry was so much for even our professional impudence on this point—and was dressed in a rich brown traveling suit that well became her medium sized, graceful and dashing figure. She will be a *debutante* this season in fashionable Columbus circles, having only left school, Mrs. Ranney's, at Elizabeth, N. J., in July. After finishing her education, her father offered her a choice between the usual round of dissipation at Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga, etc., and a visit to the plains, those gorgeous wilds of the desert, those unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, for which the speech of England has no name,' and, girl of spirit that she was, she chose the latter. The result shows itself in the elasticity of her every movement, in the bright flash of her dark eyes, and in the bronze of her cheeks. * * * The excursion party, bound for Sheridan and other points in the far west, left Columbia on the 5th of September, and, after an exhausting trip, reached Fort Hays on the 6th inst. On the Tuesday after their arrival a grand hunt was organized. The military portion of the party consisted of General Custar, the officers of the Seventh cavalry, including S. G. Sturges, colonel commanding; Colonel Custar, brother of the General, Colonel C. W. Cook, Dr. Lippencot, Major Bell, Colonel Thomas and Lieutenant Nolan; also one hundred privates and a mounted

stances of men! Two keen and cruel cowhides lurked, serpent-like, beneath the aprons of the injured females.

No sooner had the congregation dispersed and the preacher reached the sidewalk, than they bounced on him and plied the cutting lashes with a heroism worthy of the outraged feelings of two unprotected women. Dignity was nothing to stripes, and the long-coated gentleman, dropping his hymn book, fled and sought protection of the police. The women were arrested and laid in jail for the rest of the night. They were brought before Judge Craig yesterday morning, and the reverend fellow, having two iron railings and several of the legal fraternity between himself and his bellicose children, exhausted all his innate eloquence in an attempt to convince the court that they deserved nothing less than hanging, in thus disturbing the easy-going grace of his august *personnel*. Judge Craig couldn't countenance such an open rebellion, and, after saying something about the decline of nations and the sporadic and inconsiderate influences to which the cause could generally be traced, fined the women $5 each and held them in $200 to refrain from any more such mutinies.—*Louisville Courier-Journal, Sept. 24th.*

BASE BALL.

"HAYMAKERS" vs. ATLANTICS.

THE COUNTRY BOYS "MOW DOWN" THE BROOKLYNITES.

The noted "Haymakers," of Troy, visited the metropolis, on the 29th ult., to play games with the Atlantic and Eckford clubs. Their engagement with the former club was the last of the home-and-home series, and was pulled off on the afternoon of the 29th, at the Capitoline ground. The weather was delightful, and a large number of spectators gathered at the meeting. The "Haymakers" made their appearance about 2 o'clock, and, having left their hotel with their uniforms on, were all in readiness to commence operations. The Atlantics, on the contrary, were behind—or, rather, some of them were. Zettlein and Smith were the delinquents; the former turned up about 3, but Smith did not put in an appearance till after the game had commenced. The "Haymakers" appeared in their new Knickerbocker uniform, for the first time in this vicinity, and looked quite natty.

The annual matches between the Atlantics and "Haymakers" have always attracted considerable attention. They have met regularly since 1865, and, until the present season, the Atlantics have always been so successful that a third game has never been necessary. In addition to their regular series, this season they have engaged in a couple of exhibition games; the first was played on Troy on May 31st, the occasion being the opening of the new ground of the "Haymakers," the result being a tie score. The second was played at Saratoga, Aug. 9th, when the Atlantics were successful, the totals standing 25 to 11. The first game of the regular series took place at the Capitoline ground, on June 21, the Atlantics winning by the one-sided score of 21 to 4. On the 21st of August the return game came off at Troy, and the Atlantics were taken into camp, with the score 17 to 10.

The result of the present match was looked upon as a foregone conclusion by the friends of the Atlantics. Even the Trojans themselves had no idea of winning the game, and speculation was not brisk. Odds of 100 to 50, or even 100 to 30 went begging, and most of the wagers were made on the runs in each innings—the latest style in betting, and one getting to be quite the *mode*. Those who had pinned their faith on the Atlantics were doomed to disappointment, however. The "Haymakers," although getting the worst of the send off, played steadily and pluckily, and, making a gallant spurt on the fourth innings, were soon on even terms with their antagonists. From that point to the finish the struggle was as pretty a one as the ardent admirer of the National Game would wish to see. The Atlantics were evidently out-played, and after two hours' play they were a beaten party.

FIRST INNINGS.—The "Haymakers" having won the toss, sent their opponents to the bat. Dicky Pearce commenced operations by driving a grounder near first base, which McAtee should have taken, but didn't, and Dick was safe; Smith made his base on balls, and Pearce stole second; Smith suffered at the hands of Powers and McAtee, Pearce stealing home; Chapman was fielded out by Bellan and McAtee, Start slipping in; Ferguson was the third victim, Bellan catching him on a foul fly.....McAtee fouled out, Zettlein catching the ball on the bound; M. King was safe on a hit to left field; Powers also made a safe hit; both were left, however, as Fisher was fied by Smith, and Flynn was captured by Crane and Start.

SECOND INNINGS.—Crane carried his ball to the right field, and "Clipper" Flynn made a pretty catch; McAtte made a wonderful stop of a hot one from "The Charmer's" bat; Pike took his base on called balls; McDonald sent Lip. round by hitting near second base; Pearce made a safe poke over second base, Pike coming home; Start sent McDonald over the home plate by a long field stroke; Smith carried his ball out into the left field, and Pearce started home; S. King threw the ball into the home base, and Dick was caught very nicely at the home plate by Craver, the play being applauded.....Craver was first out on a magnificent stop and throw by Smith to Start; Steve King made two bases on a splendid hit to centre field; Bellan sent him home by a handsome grounder near second to Bearman fouled to Ferguson; McAtee duplicated Bellan's hit, without effect, however, as M. King was caught by Start on a foul fly. Score, 4 to 1.

THIRD INNINGS.—Start opened the play by driving the ball by Bellan; Smith hit to Bearman, who, instead of passing the ball to Powers at second, to make a double play, followed up Start, who backed up to first, giving Smith a chance to make his base—a very cute trick, Joe being the only one out. Chapman was caught by Craver on the fly; the ball was fair, and Smith having left his base on the supposition that it was foul, had another narrow escape. After this double chance to put the side out for a blank, the Atlantics struck a streak of batting and scored 6 runs, Ferguson, Craver, Pike, McDonald and Pearce making their bases on clean hits, and Zettlein, Pearce and Pike on a muff; Pearce was third out, having left his base on a foul ball hit by Start, which was passed to Fisher by Bellan, and from him to McAtee. .....Crane gave Powers a life; Fisher made a slashing stroke to right field, going to third base; Flynn was caught out by Pearce; Craver, after having a life given to him by Ferguson, made his base on a clean hit; S. King fouled to Ferguson—sharp fly up; Bellan hurried Craver home by hitting safely through the in-field; Bearman left him on his base for the second time by fouling to Start.

FOURTH INNINGS.—The score now stood 10 to 3, and the chances of the "Haymakers" seemed slim enough. They made a rally in this innings, however, which improved their prospects materially. The fielding of the visitors showed a decided improvement, and the Atlantics only made one run. Start led off, and was muffed by Powers; he went to third on a wild throw of McAtee's, and stole in on Fisher and Craver, much to the amusement of the crowd. Smith was prettily caught out by Flynn; Chapman was attended to by Bearman and McAtee; Ferguson made his base by a pretty hit, but was left by Crane, who, after making his base, on a pretty hit, left it on a foul stroke by Zettlein, and was caught by Fisher and McAtee.....McAtee carried the ball well over to second; M. King, after being missed on an easy foul catch by Smith, mowed the grass near second base; Powers had his base given him, but was forced out at second on Fisher's hit to Pearce; Flynn was safe on a hit near second base; Crane missed Craver on a fly; S. King fouled to Smith; Bellan drove a grounder between first and second; Bearman was muffed by Smith; McAtee, again to the bat, made second base on a similar hit to the first one; M. King made a tremendous stroke to left centre field, which carried him to third base, where he was left, as Powers was again out, this time on a foul fly to Start. Score, 12 to 11, with the "Haymakers" ahead.

FIFTH INNINGS.—This sudden change in the score, while it gave the game a more even look, and promised to make it more exciting, did not apparently alter the opinion of the betting men, and the Atlantics still had the call. Play now became sharper, and, for the next three innings, very little progress was made in run getting. Zettlein, who began operations, was muffed by Powers, and, in turn, by McAtee; Pike carried his ball over second base; McDonald and Smith were prettily fielded out by Bearman; McAtee and Pearce were caught on the fly by Bellan and Pike being left. The Atlantics returned the compliment, and the "Haymakers" were whitewashed. Fisher and Flynn fouled to Start and Smith, and Craver was thrown out by Pearce to Start. Score still 12 to 11.

SIXTH INNINGS.—Bearman and McAtee again did all the work—and very handsome work it was. Smith was the first to suffer; Chapman flew out to Charley; Ferguson hit a hot grounder, but Charley made a pretty stop, and Forger went behind the bat.....S. King was safe on a grounder near second; Bellan sent the ball to Pearce, and Dick and Crane and Start went into the doubling up business. Bearman also made a safe hit, but McAtee, hitting to Pearce, Charley was forced out at second. Score still 12 to 11.

SEVENTH INNINGS.—Crane carried his ball well out to the right field, and it looked safe, but Bearman went for it, and made a surprising catch; Zettlein fled the left field and made safe Pike out "The Charmer" home by carrying his ball to the centre field; McDonald, after escaping a catch by Craver, suffered at the hands of Flynn; Pearce was third out, with Pike left, by fouling to Craver..... Another pretty double play marked the fielding of the Atlantics, and the "Haymakers" received their third whitewash. McAtee popped the ball up over the in-field, and Pearce squared himself for the catch, but, after juggling the ball into his hands let it bound out—much to the amusement of the crowd; M. King hit out well to the right field, but Crane caught the ball unexpectedly, and, throwing it to Start before McAtee could return, both were out; Powers made a heavy hit to the right field, but McDonald backed out for it and pipped it—the catch being a pretty one. Score, 12 to 12.

EIGHTH INNINGS.—The game was now drawing to a close, and was becoming every moment more exciting. Start was no sooner up than he was out, S. King making his first catch; Smith made one base on a hit to right field, but Flynn let the ball go by him, and Charley went to third; Chapman was thrown out by Powers, and Smith scored; Ferguson was safe on a mis-catch by Bellan; Crane was muffed by McAtee; Zettlein was at the bat, when Fergy tried to steal in, but was nicely caught by Craver and Fisher.....Fisher hit over the short field; Flynn fouled to Pike—two; Craver flew out to Pike—two out and no runs; S. King hit through the in-field, and Fisher trotted home; Bellan sent S. King in by a two-base hit to the left field—she crowd, now fairly aroused for the first time, cheering; Bearman left Bellan on his base by fouling out. Score, 14 to 13, with the "Haymakers" again to the fore.

NINTH INNINGS.—The game was now thoroughly exciting, and every movement of the players was watched with intense interest. Fisher was sending the balls in with lightning-like rapidity, and every one of the "Haymakers" was on the *qui vive*. For the first time during the game the Atlantics were slightly nervous. Crane was nicely caught out by Bearman; Zettlein was served the same way by Powers; Pike, the forlorn hope, squared himself, and the onlookers felt much, in anticipation of heavy work; Lip just "ticked" the ball, however, and "foul—out," settled the fate of the Atlantics.....McAtee and M. King made safe hits and scored; Powers flew out to Start; Fisher was attended to by Smith and Start, and the latter player stopped Flynn's ball and fielded it himself, and the game closed with the score 16 to 13, and the "Haymakers" victorious.

The following is the score in detail:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	I.B.	V.B.	HAYMAKERS.	H.L.	R.	I.B.	V.B.
Pierce, s.s.	4	3	1	1	McAtee, 1st b	3	3	4	6
Start, 1st b	3	3	1	4	M. King, c f	3	2	4	6
Smith, 3d b	2	2	3	2	Powers, s s	3	2	3	4
Chapman, l f	5	0	0	0	Fisher, p	3	3	2	4
Ferguson, c	3	1	2	3	Flynn, r f	3	1	1	1
Crane, 2d b	3	1	2	1	Craver, 1st b	3	1	1	1
Zettlein, p	3	2	1	1	S. King, l f	3	2	3	4
Pike, c f	3	2	3	4	Bellan, 3d b	3	1	4	5
McDonald, r f	3	2	2	2	Bearman, 2d b	4	1	1	1
Totals	27	15	15	18	Totals	27	16	21	29

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantics	2	3	6	1	0	0	1	1	0—13
Haymakers	0	1	3	3	0	2	3	4	0—16

Fly catches—Pearce, 1; Start, 4; Smith, 3; Ferguson, 3; Crane, 1; Pike, 1; McDonald, 1—14. Flynn, 3; Craver, 2; King, 1; Bellan, 1; Bearman, 4—11. Foul bound catches—Smith, 1; Zettlein, 1; Craver, 1. Base play—Put out by Start, 8; Crane, 3; assisted by Pearce, 4; Smith, 2; Crane, 1. Put out by McAtee, 1b; Fisher, 2; Craver, 1; assisted by McAtee, 1; Powers, 3; Craver, 1; S. King, 1; Bellan, 1; Bearman, 5. Double plays—Crane and Start, 1; Pearce, Crane and Start, 1. Out on fouls—Atlantics, 3; Haymakers, 11. Left after each side—Start, 1; Smith, 1; Ferguson, 1; Pike, 5—8. McAtee, 1; M. King, 1; Bellan, 5—8. Ran out—Start by Bearman. Umpire—Mr. Hatfield, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

ECKFORD vs. "HAYMAKERS."

THE "HAY TOSSERS" RAKED IN.

On the 1st inst., the "Haymakers" visited the Union ground to play a social or exhibition game with the Eckfords. The Eckfords, on their recent tour, had beaten the "Haymakers" on their own ground, by a score of 20 to 17, and having previously won a ball from them at the Union ground (score 22 to 14), the regular series was at an end. The "Haymakers" were not satisfied, however, and accordingly challenged the Eckfords to another trial. As it was mutually understood to be only a "social affair," the Eckfords readily assented. The success of the "Haymakers" with the Atlantics caused a rise in the Trojan stock, according to the "skate," and they were booked by the "knowing ones" as sure to walk away with the Eckfords. Betting, which previous to the Atlantic match had ruled in favor of the Eckfords, *took a turn the other way after the "unsuspected" defeat of the latter*, and on the day of the meeting the visitors had the call at *slight* odds. The weather, as on the previous day, was delightful, and the ground presented a bright and cheerful appearance on this beautiful October day. The spectators were numerous, but the attendance was not quite so large as at the match on Sept. 29th. The "Haymakers" were on hand early, but the Eckfords were late in getting to work. When they were finally ready, some time was consumed in looking for an umpire. The "Haymakers" proposed Hatfield, of the Mutuals, Chapman, of the Atlantics, and others, but the Eckfords were hard to suit. Finally, after the patience of the spectators was nearly exhausted, Mr. John Wildey was agreed upon, and at 3.15 the game began.

The Eckfords having won the choice of innings, sent their opponents to the bat. McAtee was the first to assume the offensive, and by a pretty hit over Nelson's head, he made his base; M. King followed, carrying the ball over Devyr's head; Power's hit a foul to Jewitt and retired; Fisher hit a liner to left field, and stole to second and third; Flynn had his base presented him; Craver made a two base hit to right field; Devyr muffed S. King; Bellen popped one up for Wood, and sat down; Bearman was given a life by Wood; McAtee again to the bat made another, splendid hit, and scored his second run; M. King hit a smasher to the left field, making two bags, where he was left, as Powers went out for the second time—this time on a fly to Wood.....Eight runs was a good many, but the Eckfords did not seem to mind it. Allison was no sooner up than he was out, Powers throwing to McAtee; Patterson was muffed by Powers; Martin and Nelson took their bases on called balls; Devyr also muffed at the hands of Powers and McAtee; Treacey sent the ball right into the hands of Fisher, who picked it up quick enough, but as there was two men on bases, "Cherokee" became confused, and Treacey was safe, and working round to third, stole in—none too soon, as Wood was cared for by L. Powers and McAtee, who thus put the side out. This was not a sad commencement for the Eckfords' friends, but it better.

The second innings resulted in a "blinder" for the "Haymakers"—all on fly catches; Fisher, Flynn and S. King going out to Patterson, Nelson and Devyr; Craver made his base on an error of Nelson's, but was left..... Pinkham led off and made his base safely; Allison ditto; Patterson was caught by S. King, and Mortimer was thrown out by Powers and McAtee; Nelson was muffed by Bellan; Devyr hit safely near third base; Jewett sent Devyr round by a splendid stroke to the right field, but in trying to steal in from third base, was prettily caught by Craver and Fisher, the innings ending for 4 runs. This gave the lead to the Eckfords by one run, and it was at once seen that the "Haymakers" had found their match.

Bellan led off for the third innings, and made a clean home run, the ball going clear over the velocipede track; Bearman drove the ball through the in-field; McAtee hit to Nelson, who passed the ball to Wood to cut off Bearman and make a double play, but Jimmy didn't freeze to it, and both were safe. M. King took his bag on three balls; Powers fouled out, and M. King scored on a passed ball; Fisher carried the ball well out to the left field, and Treacey made a pretty catch; Flynn muffed Wood's fly to the "Haymakers" three more runs than they earned, and they again took the lead. The Eckfords scored only two runs, leaving the score 12 to 11. Wood and Pinkham were the lucky ones, and the victims Treacey from Powers to McAtee, Allison on a wonderful catch of M. King; Patterson, after making a two-base hit, endeavored to score on Martin's strike to left field, but the ball being immediately and swiftly thrown in by S. King, Patterson was nicely caught at the home plate by Craver—the play being rewarded with cheers. In the fourth and fifth innings the "Haymakers" failed to count, Martin tricking them with his slows. Wood made two handsome catches, Treacey another one, while Jewett nipped the other three on fouls. In the fourth innings the Eckfords made three runs, a couple of dropped fly catches by Bearman helping them along. The feature of the innings was a double play by Bearman and McAtee, who stopped a ball from Wood's bat, stepped on his base, cutting off Treacey and throwing to McAtee.

This left the score 15 to 12, and, as the Eckfords added six more to their totals in the sixth innings, and kept their opponents down to two, the game was virtually ended. With the score 21 to 14, the "Haymakers" went into the seventh innings, seemingly determined to make one more effort to reduce the odds against them. One run was the best they could do, the pitching of Martin and the fielding of his *confreres* being too much for them. In the last innings the "Haymakers" made a little spurt and scored four, making their totals 19. The Eckfords only made singles in the seventh and eighth innings, the score was 23 to 19. The ninth innings was commenced, and the "Haymakers" had finished their part of it for one run, when the umpire called the game, it being too dark to see the ball.

The Eckfords never played a game in which the peculiarity of Martin's pitching, or its effectiveness, was so fully demonstrated. Of the 24 outs, 23 were on fly catches and foul balls. Only one bound was lost at first base—Fisler being fielded out by Devyr in the seventh innings. Jewett had the most work to do, capturing nine on fouls, two of the catches being pretty. Wood was next to Jewett, in effectiveness, no less than seven flys failing into his trap. Patterson and Nelson, each made handsome catches. The fielding of Powers, Bellan, Bearman and McAtee, of the "Haymakers," while a trifle loose at times, was first class on the whole, no less than 16 prisoners being captured by them on the bases. The out fields had very little to do, but did that little well. The score is appended:—

HAYMAKERS.	H.L.	R.	I.B.	V.	ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	I.B.	V.
McAtee, 1st b	4	3	3	3	Allison, 1st b	4	3	2	2
M. King, c f	2	2	3	5	Patterson, c f	2	4	3	4
Powers, s s	0	0	0	0	Martin, p	3	2	2	2
Fisher, p	4	1	1	1	Nelson, 3d b	3	3	1	1
Flynn, r f	2	1	1	1	Devyr, s s	3	1	2	2
Craver, c	3	1	1	2	Jewett, c	4	1	2	2
S. King, l f	3	2	2	2	Treacey, l f	3	2	2	3
Bellan, 3d b	3	1	1	4	Wood, 2d b	2	2	1	1
Bearman, 2d b	1	2	2	2	Pinkham, r f	2	3	2	2
Totals	24	19	14	20	Totals	24	23	19	22

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Haymakers	3	0	4	0	0	2	1	4	—19
Eckford	4	3	2	3	1	6	1	3	—23

Left on bases—McAtee, 1; M. King, 2; Bellan, 1; total, 3. Martin, 2; Wood, 1; total, 3. Home runs—Bellan, 1; by Eckford, 1; M. King, 1; Flynn, 1; S. King, 2; Bearman, 1; total Haymakers, 6. Patterson, 2; Nelson, 2; Devyr, 1; Jewett, 3; Treacey, 2; Wood, 7; Pinkham, 1; total, Eckford, 18. Foul bound catches—Bellan, 1; Jewett, 5. Ran out—S. King by Bearman, 1. Base play—Put out by McAtee, 13; Bearman, 4; Fisher, 1; Craver, 1; total, Haymakers, 16. Assisted by Powers, 6; Bearman, 4; Bellan, 3; S. King, 1; Craver, 1, Flynn, 1. Put out by Allison, 1, assisted by Devyr. Double play—Bearman and McAtee, 1. Out on fouls—Haymakers, 9; Eckford, 1. Umpire—Mr. Wildey, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

STAR vs. ORIENTAL.

The first of a home-and-home series between these well known amateur clubs, of Brooklyn and New York, came off at the Union ground on the 30th ult. The contest was for the championship of the amateurs, and attracted considerable attention. The day was decidedly pleasant, and the game sharp and quickly played. The Stars only had eight men, but even short handed as they were they were strong enough to pull the game to a successful conclusion, and win it by a score of two to one. The Orientals, while playing a poor average game, found themselves overmatched. They lack the experience, and, of course, the unity possessed by their opponents, and this was evident all through the game. Coffee was effective in his position, throwing out seven men, and flying a couple more; Clayton also distinguished himself, taking a hot liner from Warner's bat, though he was also in good play. The Stars, one and all, played well, although they exhibited considerable indifference at times. The score is given below:—

STAR.	H.L.	R.	1st B.	T.	ORIENTAL.	H.L.	R.	1st B.	T.
Rogers, lf	2	3	1	2	Coffee, s s	3	2	2	3
Jewell, c	1	1	0	0	Gallihue, r f	1	1	1	1
Warner, 3d b	6	0	0	0	Heineman, l f	4	0	1	1
Hunt, 2d b	2	3	3	5	W. Gilliker, c	1	1	3	5
Cummings, p	4	2	2	3	Bunting, 2d b	1	2	2	2
Hall, 1st b	3	3	3	4	Fitzsimmons, p	4	0	1	1
Macdiarmid, s s	2	3	3	6	Clayton, 3d b	4	1	0	0
Worth, r f	2	3	4	7	Mason, 1st b	3	1	1	2
					Delmadge, c f	3	1	0	0
Totals	27	18	16	29	Totals	27	9	11	15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Star	0	0	1	2	5	3	2	1	—18
Oriental	0	1	4	1	0	0	1	2	0—9

Umpire—Mr. Hatfield, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

OLYMPIC vs. KEYSTONE.

These Philadelphia clubs met again on the 29th ult., when the Keystones were unexpectedly defeated by the following score:—

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.
Kerns, 2d b	3	4	Dick, 2d b	3	4
Schaffer, 3d b	2	2	Flowers, s s	2	4
Rorke, s s	3	3	Weaver, r f	2	2
Lovell, p	4	2	Fulmer, p	2	2
Severn, 1st b	2	2	Kulp, 3d b	3	3
Oram, r f	3	3	Woods, c f	3	0
Clinton, c f	4	1	Albertson, 1 f	3	0
Miller, c	3	1	Henry, c	3	1
Roth, 1 f	3	2	McKenna, 1st b	2	2
Total	27	21	Total	25	17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	2	8	2	1	4	0	0	4	0—21
Keystone	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1—7

CITY ITEM vs. OURS.

On the 30th ult. these clubs encountered each other for the first time at Camden, N. J., the City Items securing a victory by thirty-eight runs. Their playing was unusually sharp, three double plays being made and not a fly ball muffed. The score follows:—

CITY ITEM.	H.L.	R.	OURS.	H.L.	R.
H. Fitzgerald, 2d b	4	4	Enos, 2d b	4	0
Haag, c	3	3	Green, 3d b	4	1
Henry, l f	3	6	Snyder, r f	2	0
G. Fitzgerald, p	2	5	Ogborn, c	2	1
Murray, c f	3	6	T. A. Cress, c f	2	1
R. Fitzgerald, s s	1	4	Perry, 1 f	3	0
Beck, 1st b	2	3	Reed, s s	3	0
Hall, r f	1	4	Voltz, 1st b	1	0
Craig, 3d b	3	4	Sloan, p	2	0
Total	41		Total	31	3

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Ours	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
City Item	4	6	0	1	8	19	1—41

Umpire—Mr. Waters, of the Expert Club. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

EMPIRE vs. ORION.

The meeting between these amateur clubs, which was held at Hoboken on the 1st, terminated in a decided victory for the Empire, as the subjoined score will exhibit:—

ORION.	H.L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.L.	R.
Brady, p	2	3	Kelly, 2d b	3	2
Geary, r f	1	1	Griffin, 1 f	3	4
Goodall, 3d b	2	3	Bennett, 3d b	3	4
Stewart, 1 f	4	1	Higham, s s	2	5
Pennington, c	4	1	H. French, 1st b	4	4
Downey, s s	3	2	Voege, p	2	5
Martin, c f	0	4	L. French, c f	2	5
Jennings, 1st b	3	1	Wilson, c	4	3
Bennett, 2d b	2	3	Dockney, r f	3	4
Total	19		Total	31	38

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Orion	4	4	4	4	4	3	1	1	5—15
Empire	4	4	5	4	4	5	3	12	3—38

Umpire—Mr. Phelan, of the Gotham Club.

FOREST CITY vs. STARS.—On the 24th ult. the Forest City Club, of Cleveland, visited Painesville, O., and in a game with the Stars won by the following score:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Forest City	0	2	3	3	0	1	1	2	0—12
Stars	0	3	3	3	0	0	1	0	1—11

Umpire—T. Whitehead.

IN A MUDDLE.—The gentleman who "does" the base ball items for the *Herald* gets into an uncomfortable muddle occasionally. In that paper of Sept. 29th we find the following notice:—

The owner of the gold ball has awarded it to the Athletics, because they defeated the Mutuals. Why was not this done before? It is very evident that the ball was made for the Athletics, and it would have looked as well had it been presented last year as now, at the close of a series which, according to agreement, the ball was not at stake.

The ball was not presented last year because the Athletics were deprived of an opportunity to play for it. The statement that the recent series was not to be for the ball, *according to agreement*, is refuted by the following official document from the Secretary of the Athletic Club, in answer to a question from us, touching that very matter, before the ball was awarded:—

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—In reply to your inquiry in reference to the CLIPPER ball question, I beg leave to say that there was no agreement on our part that the two games just played with the Mutual Club, of New York, should not decide the possession of the Gold Ball. On the other hand, the only communication addressed to the Mutuals distinctly stated that this question *should be disposed of by the result of those games.*

PHILADELPHIA S. BELL, Cor. Sec. Athletic Club.

THE STARS, OF PAINESVILLE, OHIO.—This club lately defeated the Unions, of Austinburg, by a score of 22 to 15. The Stars have played seven matches this season and have been defeated in only one, that being by the Forest City Club, of Cleveland. At the Forest City game the receipts were $158. They have enclosed grounds and, we hear, give three-fourths of the gate money to their visitors. Painesville is the largest city between Cleveland and Erie, on the Lake Shore Railroad, beautifully situated near the lake, and touring clubs would not have to vary from their regular route to stop off and play. The Stars extend invitations to all "tourists" to play them, which can be arranged, as to time, etc., by addressing J. T. Tinker, Corresponding Secretary, Star B. B. C., Painesville, Ohio.

THE RING.

ALLEN AND COYNE'S EXHIBITION.

Not for many months has there been such an outpouring of the sporting element of the metropolis and vicinity as upon the occasion of the joint exhibition given at Central Hall, 37 Bowery, on the night of Monday, 27th ult., by Tom Allen and Jim Coyne. We estimated the number present at not less than sixteen hundred persons, and the probabilities are that it went considerably above that figure. Had the affair been properly conducted there is no doubt that many more would have paid their admission fee also; but from the fact that the "management" neglected to have seats erected, thereby preventing it out of the question for many present to witness the boxing at all, while those who did had to endure much discomfort, a large number left after taking a look at the "situation." The outlay of a ten spot or so would have obviated all this, and afforded satisfaction to all, besides putting a good many more dollars in the pockets of the *beneficiaires*. Those who may be called upon to secure the hall, or any other similar to it, for a like purpose, will do well to bear this fact in mind, for nothing is ever gained by such illjudged economy. The monster character of this affair is due to the reputation obtained by Allen in his western fights, all "the boys," and many others not identified with sporting matters, being anxious to see him put up, as well as show that they appreciate his merits as a boxer and a game, determined man.

In consequence of the great crowd and the lack of arrangements mentioned, it was past nine o'clock before a ring could be formed, everybody desiring to obtain a footing in the front rank; finally, however, Barney Aaron, assisted by several others, succeeded in clearing a sufficient space, and then Uncle Torce brought forth Jim McKay and the ever-ready "Hoboken Clipper." The former is a powerfully built young fellow, with massive shoulders and chest, huge arms, and legs upon which he stands firm as a rock, while the Clipper is of the wiry order, and though possessing plenty of muscle, isn't so heavy by long odds as his opponent. The Hobokenite went down at almost the first clip, straight from the shoulder, but was up in a twinkling and at it again; he manifested a willingness to make much gruel as could be given, and planted several stinging hits upon Jim's phisiog, but the latter was too much for him, and after a slashing glove fight, occupying three rounds, they made their retiring bow, McKay, by-the-by, seeming most desirous of quitting. After a few minutes delay, Young Omealia and another, whose name we failed to catch, entered the circle and emulated the example set by their more pretentious predecessors. The new-comer was the quickest hitter, most active upon his understandings, and rather the better scienced of the twain—consequently he landed his bunches oftener than Omealia had calculated upon, though the latter did not allow him to get off scot free by any means, but administered a number of solid reminders that he was wide awake, O. The final round was prolonged, though Omealia's desire to "keep it up," until it became tedious to the spectators, who attested their wishes for a finish in a manner not to be mistaken, and the light-weights "skipped." The "Jack of Clubs," a diminutive specimen of Young America, with a hump on his back, was now introduced by Christopher Keyburn, Esq., and gave the song and dance of "Love Among the Roses," which created much merriment and brought the "vocalist" a shower of nickels and brass. After the "contributions" had been picked up, Young Larkins, the slim, came on with a friend. The latter had a very peculiar style of putting up his hands, which completely nonplussed Larkins, who, besides, appeared very shy, and, as the unknown knew but little about boxing, the set-to was devoid of interest, and everybody was rejoiced when they made their exit. We never saw Larkins do worse.

The next pair were Harry Hicken, who had been trying to get off his fight with Tim Crowley for several days, and another. Harry was the taller and longer reached of the two, added to which he possessed the advantage of splendid condition, which, with his fine science, enabled him to get the best of the brother of Owen, in one of the finest, most enjoyable mills-to-we ever witnessed—an admirable exhibition of hitting, stopping and eluding danger, Hicken planting several times successively with the left, smack on the face, without a return, and his opponent repaying them with occasional warmers on the side of the head with his right, countering beautifully at times. Hicken scored a fall in the first round, but in the second his opponent brought into play his wrestling abilities with success, giving Harry a pretty severe fall. The encounter created great enthusiasm, and the on-lookers evinced their appreciation by loud and long continued applause. They were succeeded by Jim Coyne and Mike Costello, the wise man of the east, whose entrance was greeted by an outburst of plaudits, and they were allied to work themselves into a better position for witnessing what was expected to be rare sport. They got to business without delay, Coyne getting over the floor like a jumping jack, and by the wild, ill-judged style of delivery, unfavorably impressing the spectators, while Mike kept his guard up continually and followed Jim up, giving more forcible and frequent hits than were credited to Coyne. A clinch terminated the first round, and, after a little fibbing, Costello lowered his hands, not desiring to wrestle, (which practice, by the way, should always be discountenanced in friendly bouts with the gloves) but Jim suddenly exerted his strength, and taking Mike thus unguardedly, threw him completely over his head, the fall shaking Costello not a little. When they came up for the next bout it was plain from Mike's eagerness that he was riled and bent upon getting even, that the latter was aware of the fact were with him, too, was manifest from the shouts and cries for him to "go in Mike," "Now's your chance to get square," etc., all of which portended lively work. They slashed away at each other merrily for a few minutes, Coyne all the time on the retreat and Costello following him determinedly, and finally the New Yorker clinched and back-heeled his rival heavily. On the ground they were upon their feet once, went at him again, and, after a couple of exchanges, clinched him. For a while a general row seemed imminent, the ring being broken up in an instant, and the crowd swarming around the combatants, shouting and yelling like mad, all siding with the Fulton Market boy. The belligerents were separated, however, Coyne taken away, and the ring, through the exertions of half a dozen stalwart policemen, re-formed. For the space of a few minutes after Costello sat upon the knee of a friend, waiting for Coyne's re-appearance, but the latter wisely kept out of sight, and finally, Mike, greatly disappointed, arose, made his bow, and walked away. Had he encountered Coyne afterward, there would undoubtedly have been trouble, as he considered that the latter had taken a mean advantage of him, but Jim didn't tarry after getting on his togs, as they failed to come together. The excitement and hum of voices in excited discussion had scarcely subsided when the "hero of the evening," Tom Allen, entered the enclosure, accompanied by the Brooklyn hercules, Johnny Dwyer. In consequence of the warm work in the previous set-to, Tom and Johnny had mutually agreed to "play light," something which Dwyer was decidedly averse to, but consented upon solicitation of the beneficiary, who had declared that he was in pursuit, though it was a consequence, caused much disappointment to the boys, who expected to "see things hum" when they came together. Tom being so much lighter than Johnny, was, of course, able to skip about with greater alacrity, but as far as hitting was concerned, it was mere child's play, neither one being afforded a chance to show his skill, or, rather, being prevented, by prior understanding, from taking advantage of chances that offered. Allen could'nt be coaxed into "letting out," for which Dwyer was itching, as it would give him an opportunity to bring that right into effective play, instead of merely tapping, which don't suit him at all. It was a very tame display all through, and nobody was sorry when it was over; beyond showing that Tom was the most active of the two, which is not to be wondered at, considering the heavier build of Dwyer, it proved nothing at all. If they ever meet again, Allen will have to do more than keep his arm extended.

RING FIGHT IN MARYLAND.

FENCHLEY DEFEATS LENT.

A milling match, for a century a side, took place on the 30th ult. not far from the Monumental City, between Sam Fenchley, of Washington, and Bob Lent, of the former place, fighting at 130 lbs. The Washingtonian was looked after by Frank Low and J.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, properly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons or like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Abbott, John W.
Antonia, Charles W.
Agent "Galton's Opera."
Agent "Richings' English Opera."
Agent "Parepa's English Opera."
Austin, Nat.
Barr, O. H.
Bray, Walter
Barry, Master
Boyd, C. A.
Benedict, Lew
Booker, Harry
Breban, Julian
Bidaux, Gustave
Birch, Johnny
Calice, Miron G.
Church, Charles L.
Clark, Charlie H.
Cummings, James
Christy, Geo. Jr.
Childs, Jos H.
Cowell, Joe
Coyle, M.
Delfield, Johnny
Danforth, Johnny (2)
Denier, John M.
Delfield, J. J. Jr.
Dyer, C. B. (2)
De Haven, Geo. W.
Dougherty, Thos. F.
De Mott, Jas.
Eugene, Sig. (2)
Eades, Harry
Fox, Ned
Fox, Edward
Fyffe, C. J.
Foote, Com.
Gilbert, J.
Glassford, Andrew
Gardiner, Sam
Goodman, Hank (2)
Gordillo, O.
Guion, Harry
Girard, Frank
Hanley, Martin
Harrison, Harry
Harding, W. E.
Hanlon, George
Hill, Geo.
Hindmarsh, Willie
Haight, Andrew
Hayes, J. F.
Howard, Gus
Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby,
Howard, Charles L.
Hicks, C. B.
Hudson, P. O.
Irwin, Gelden M.
Jordon, Ed. Z. E.
Jefferson, Tommy
Knight, Frank
Kendall, Edward P.
Karples, Charles
Kimball, Geo. A.
Keene, Chas.
Kenny, James
Love, Val.
Lang, Joe
Lingard, Wm. K.
Langley, E. D. (2)
Lindley, Harry
Langrislee, J. S.
Long, J. C.
Lavake, William
Leslie, Harry
Lake, Wm.
Mack, Billy
Mackey, Johnny
Marsh's Minstrels,
Macot, J. Frederick
Morley, G. W.
Murray, F.
MacEvoy, —
M'Kee, Andy
Maskell Troupe,
Mairs, Jos
Murray, Geo. W.
Marsh, William
Noyes, C. W.
Nunn, William
Nobles, Joseph
Nixon, F. Maddern
Naylon W. H.
Newhall, Frank
Nelcourt, Henri
Nelson, Wm. F.
Pateman, —
Price, Sam
Percy, D. A.
Price, Wally (2)
Purdy, S. S.
Queen, John
Rogers, Steve
Rogers, W. C.
Richards, Warren (2)
Rupert, Edwin
Reynolds, Charley
Reynolds, Jimmy
Rice, Billy
Righton, Edwd.
Rogers, Neil
Stone, Murray & Co.
Salkeld, John
Somers, Johnny
Stowe, John
Stanley, Ned
Sherry, Jas. F.
Sanford, S. S.
Sandbrook, J.
Sanyeah, Mons.
Scott, Ainsley
Smith, W. H.
Sharpley, Sam
Sands, Geo. E.
Sweatnam, Wm. P.
Struthers, Robt.
Saylor, —
Thompson, Harry
Touraine Bros.
Toulland, Willie (2)
Thompson, William
Taylor, W. H. (2)
Tournaire, Theo.
Vanzant, —
Williams, John
Watkins, Harry
Washburn,
Watson, E. W.
Warden, E. (2)
Wheasland, Charlie
Wagner, Happy Cal.
Wells, L. C.
Zorn, Gustave (2)
Zimmerman, Carl
Bell, Emma
Boshell, Louisa
Bernard, Lizzette
Burke, Malvina
Forest, Lottie
Gray, Jenny
Howard, Victoria (2)
Hudson, Leo
Herring, Fanny (2)
Halpine, Kate
Lopez, Sig. (2)
Langley, Lottie
Level, Mary
Maywood, Bertie
McMay, Annie
May, Julia
Mitchell, Maggie
Miller, Albertina
Quigley, Mrs. Jane
Rogers, Virginia
Sanyrn, Madam
Swan, Emma
Scott, Mary
Sommers, Geraldine
Wilson, Flora (2)
Worrell Sisters,
Worrell, Sophia
Wray, Mrs. L.
Wood, Jennie F.
Zoel, Marie

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

OH, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

A NEW SONG AND DANCE.

Inscribed to Mr. Billy Emerson.

I have a dear—a lovely belle—a little black-eyed gal,
She's sweeter far than honey or molasses;
I loved her when I saw her, and I told her very soon
That she to me was dearest of the lasses.
She hung her pretty head then
And dropped her lashes low,
And whispered, so I scarcely heard—what ?*
Oh! wouldn't you like to know?
Chorus.—Sweet Alice, darling Alice, black-eyed Alice Dean,
Purer than the falling flakes of snow;
How musical the voice which said,
With her lashes drooping low,
Is words no ear but mine could catch—what!
Oh! wouldn't you like to know?

Oh, when I take her out with me, how all the darkeys stare,
And wish that they was me, and stood beside her;
But their jealous glances after us they only make me smile,
For well I never change from me, I know—I've tried her!
And when others tried to win her smiles,
Her word for them was' No;"
'Twas only mine the ear to hear—what?
Oh, wouldn't you like to know!
Chorus.—Sweet Alice, darling Alice, etc.

I will not be long before my love and I are pinned as one,
To take the changeful trip of life together;
She loves me best of all, she says, and I love her *twice* best,
So side by side we'll brave the roughest weather.
And when at times I sit by her,
With her lashes drooping low,
I'll ask her to repeat to me—what?
Oh! wouldn't you like to know!
Chorus.—Sweet Alice, darling Alice, etc.

C. E. C.

*This word is spoken.

CINCINNATI, O.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Oct. 4, 1869.

The warfare between the sensational and the legitimate, the moral and the immoral, is proceeding in a very friendly manner, with the betting an even thing. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a highly seasoned drama of the moral school, has come to grief at the Olympic, while "Formosa," which has been misrepresented as a very naughty play, and is about as innocent a production as we have had upon the stage of Niblo's for some time, is beginning to "cave" because, probably, the piece is not as vicious as had been represented previous to its production in this city. "The School for Scandal" took very well at Wallack's *because* of its scandal and *double-entendre*; and "East Lynne," with its elopement and all that, drew tears and considerable money at the Grand Opera. Jem Mace, the scientific artist and statuist, together with some pretty young ladies in the *ballet*, have attracted large audiences to Tammany; but the beautiful plays presented by Mr. Daly, at his Fifth Avenue Theatre, have not met with that full success which their merit entitles them to. Miss Bateman is doing remarkably well at Booth's Theatre, but let us warn her that "Mary Warner" should be presented before "Leah" becomes tiresome. The minstrels are making money, because they are presenting entertainments of unusual excellence, changing the bills occasionally, and introducing new faces and voices to the notice of their patrons. Music halls are doing tolerably well; the competition between them promises to be very animated the balance of the season, and if managers do not waste all their funds in buying off each other's people, there ought to be a surplus in the treasury box at the close of the term.....At our theatrical boarding house (a limited one), and some-thing street, the boarders are always more hungry after a meal than before it, and frequently appease their ravenous appetites at a friendly restaurant close at hand. Skiffen, our juvenile man, went into the restaurant the other evening to fortify himself for his arduous duties of the night, and, having ordered a "porter house," proceeded to discuss it. The cook having inadvertantly dosed it rather strong with pepper, Skiff, whose oath is meaty, hat a little hot, exclaimed "Wot," says he, "am I a martyr?" The waiter, who, fortunately, was the only person within earshot, immediately gave it up. "Because," says Skiff, with his sweetest grimace: "I am *burned at the steak*."..... We are certainly gaining ground with the church people. "Our Jim," who attended service last Sabbath evening, declared that he beheld in the choir there several *bass baritones* taking part in the exercises.....And while on the subject of singing, we may be pardoned for saying that affectation has been denounced in all who speak or sing before the public, as sure to spoil the effect; and with just reason. Fancy any love stricken swain singing as follows to the lady of his affection, as is done every night upon the stage to reverberating houses:—

Lady, ope' thy we-he-hindow,
And inei-he-hine thine ear,
While the moon is be-he-beaming,
De-he-heign my lay to hear.

So'ly steal the bree-hee-heezes,
O'er the scented le-he-hea;
Birds among the tre-hee-heezes,
Slumber si-hi-hilently.

All the world repo-ho-hozes,
And ourselves besi-hi-hide,
Snoring through their no-ho hoses,
Urge thee for my bri-hi-hide.

I have gold in mi-hi-hillions,
Wed me and I'll gi-hi-hive
For thy *bosseau* tri-hi-hillions,
Gayly thou shalt li-hi-hive.

Ma-har-ble walls shall shrine thee,
Jew-hoo-hoosley I'll buy;
Bri-hi hight are gems and diamonds,
Bri-hi-highter is thine e-hye!

Si-ha-haves shall wait thy bidding,
All the air-h breathe per-a-fume,
Thou shalt feed with golden-ha-hing
If I am thy groo-hoo-home.

Lady, from thy la-ha-hattice,
Ah! look down on me-he-he;
Mollify yo,' fa-ha-hather,
And ask me in to te-he hea.

The beauty of this style of melody is that it may be sung to any measure by lengthening or shortening the syllables, and will likewise answer admirably for persons who dare not sing because they stu-hu-hutter......"Our Jim" having listened to the song of "Beautiful Dreamer," as sung and played in every style, has come to the conclusion that the fair dreamer enjoys quite a *sound* sleep.....Mace was enveloped in flames at the Tammany, on Saturday evening last, and before the fire was subdued, Mace was considerably burned. It may be proper to state that the Mace referred to was only the name, not the man himself, done up in a piece of fireworks on the balcony of the Tammany. And, speaking of *Mace*, that defensive of the science of manly defence promises to put on the gloves this week, and *pepper* his opponent, whoever he may be.....Political gags are not very politic to interpolate in plays at a theatre where a promiscuous audience is in attendance. In Berlin they fine actors for such gags; but doesn't that government apply a political *gag* in trying to *suppress* a political gag?.....While quietly enjoying the performance at a Broadway Theatre a few evenings since, a couple of boys, who evidently knew the piece from beginning to end, were arguing as to the reason why managers of places of amusement place so many persons on the free list. One said it was to fill the house, and make it look respectable; while the other maintained that it was because, in consideration of seeing the show for nothing, *the dead heads* were very likely to be carrying *talks* of the value of the performance, in cracking up generally, and thereby inducing others to go and see it. We came to the conclusion that both were right and neither wrong, and

THAT'S SO.

Play actor folks good friends must be
And very good their parts—
In proof of which we often see
Them take each other's parts.

....."Matches, two boxes for five cents." These intrusions are enough to knock a teller's ideas all to smithereens. And while speaking of matches, "Our Jim" says *he's* trying to get up a little go with a blue-eyed beauty of the blonde brigade, but we warn him against it, because he will be sure to starve the girl before many months elapse, in so far as he gets his provender from the lunch route, while *she* cannot have the privilege of obtaining her supplies from that friendly source. The process of courtship is a queer institution, *any* how; for the *spark* must always come before a *match* can be struck.....And this connubial subject reminds us of a Hungarian giantess who was recently married, and who charged an admission fee to the church in which the ceremony was performed. We presume the fee was a *high* figure, in keeping with the *standing* of the *high* contracting parties.....And speaking of an admission fee to places of worship, it may not be known to persons outside of New York that our Catholic churches exact a fee for a place at ten o'clock mass, on Sunday mornings. A lady friend of ours, who sings in the choir of a Catholic church in Illinois, while on a visit to the metropolis recently, went to church on a Sabbath morning, as all good Christians *should* do; but to her surprise and disgust she was not permitted to pass into the body of the church until she had paid *twenty cents*—a place was offered her in the gallery for *fifteen cents!* Verily, some of our high-toned churches are not very far removed, in this respect, from theatres and other places of amusement.....And, while on pious subjects, we might mention to you that "Our Jim," now and then, gets into religious arguments, though we are not aware that there is the slightest particle of piety in not aware that there is the slightest particle of piety in his composition. The other evening he was discussing with the Rev. Mr. Snuffles. "I'm a Baptis," says Jim, "on the follerin' prinsipal:—We've all heard about John the Baptist, but who the h— ever heard about John the Episcopalian, or John the Methodist?" This was a scruncher, and Snuffles had nothing to say. On another occasion the boy declared himself a Methodist, "because," says he, "I've got a method, and my *method is* to let every one do as they d——n please." Snuffles endeavored to reason with the unfortunate youth, but the boy was not to be headed off so easily. He warded off the good man's attacks, and came up smiling, with—"A great many people gits credit for being good when they hain't no better than they ought to be. Now, there was Jo. Do you bleeve them yarns of his about the blonde *ballet* gal that tried to lead him astray? Why, I don't bleeve a word of it. He might er said 'not for Joseph,' as a blind, afore people; but I'll bet the new post office agin Jim Mace's new hat that Jo. knew where to find her." Snuffles was so enraged at the wickedness of the boy that he threatens to leave the theatrical boarding house if James is not kept away from the first table.....The regular drama being in order, we epitomize the new play which bids fair to be the coming sensation:—

NEW YORK ASSURANCE.

A TRAGI-COMEDY CONDENSED.

Enter DE SWELLINGTON, *meeting* BILKINS.

BILKINS.—Friend of my youthful days! once more well met! Now does it give me greater joy to clasp
Again thine honest hand, to watch the gleam
That from those eyes of manly truth doth flash,
Than sight the glimmer of a piece of tin,
Which clings to other hands, yet may be mine.

DE SWELL.—The joy thou feelest ten-fold I return. How the tone's greenish, Bilkins, pale are not.
Hail to it! 'Tis mine old companion still,
And thou—how has it meanwhile fared with thee?
By thine attire, I judge, not passing well.

BIL.—More eccentricity—a city *fault*.
With those who feel them safe from fortune's frowns.
We, who her choicest blessings can command,
Need not to wear our wealth upon our backs.

DE SWELL.—'Tis not the trappings, but the soul within,
That gives the world assurance of the man.

BIL.—Well spoke! There was a poet once, I think,
Who said that cash was but a postage stamp.
A man's a man for all that. Such a line
Should be engrossed in gold on each one's hat.
Thinking of gold reminds me of Burns,
But thou'rt not here a simple looker on!

DE SWELL.—No, I'm a carpet-bagger, as you see,
Micawber-like, for things to "turn up" waiting.

BIL.—Chances are numerous as flies in June.
But last thou naught in view?

DE SWELL.—Oh! a whole list;
There are the learn'd professions wi ence to choose—
Med'cine, the law, the pulpit, politics,
The trades, the theatre—a thousand things.

BIL.—Med'cine! Cut up! Humbugs alone can thrive,
And thou art co'lege bred. Law! That is full.
Parsons may thrive in time with grace and cheek.
Politics! 'Tis a lottery at best.
Trade! Thousands fail where one perchance succeeds.
The theatre! Hast thou not heard 'tis death
But to set foot in one?—soul's death, I mean.

DE SWELL.—Then how does he called Flat maintain his poise?

BIL.—O, he'd a fortune ready made before,
For, mind, 'tis but the *unsuccessful* few
Mankind are prone to rail at. Be wha'e'er
The humor takes you to, so you get coin,
For in that saying shall your merit be.
Culture don't pay except in light degree.

DE SWELL.—What then is one to do? Mechanic arts
Still lowering within the social scale?

BIL.—Poh! Can't you guess the dodge? Go "on the street."

DE SWELL.—I've read in books and papers how, bellmes,
Men who were strapped took to the highway once,
Is that the same?

BIL.—How shocking slow you are!
I meant that there the greater chances lie,
But there the greater risks. If you are bold
And would be wealthy in a brace of shakes,
Or said not honored), take your place on 'change,
And with the city's great ones be enroll'd.

DE SWELL.—But should I fail—

BIL.—There's glory too in that;
At least you "go up" for a handsome sum,
And that is something

DE SWELL.—Give me but a chance
To profit by your knowledge.

BIL.—With all my heart!
Railroads are now the fastest thing that's out,
And Vanderbilt is king of all the town.

DE SWELL.—I'm with you, sir, commend me to your liking.
Was—Will his to Wall street, straight. And, by the way,
Have you a twenty lying loose around?

A sumptuous parlor—Swarms of guests passing and re-passing—A private matinee—Music. SMITH and JONES, *observing.*

SMITH.—In truth it was a wondrous lucky chance.
Though not a year ago arrived in town,
This young De Swellingham a fortune's made
That kings might envy—he among the millions;
While by the self-same chance the youngster's friend,
Poor Bilkins, is in ruin sad involved.
Say, more, the rich and proud Miss Belladonna,
Who was to be his bride, has jilted him,
And now this young De Swellingham will marry.

JONES.—He has much cheek. 'Twas Bilkins made him rich,
And to the lady introduced him, too.

SMITH.—Soft! They come this way.

DE S. AND BELLADONNA.

DE S.—And softly slid the silver-footed hours."

BELLA.—You are a poet, too; the lines are sweet,
Yet golden were the sands around.

DE S.—What thou dost praise must be the better thought.
But there's no need for words in hours like this.
Let me look in those eyes, I am content
Never to look at gold or silver more!

BELLA.—E'en thus feel I. A cottage were enough;
Blest by thy presence, I could live on this,
Nor ask for aught beside.

DE S.—Such generous lore
Is worth all else to boot. [*Kisses her.*]

[Great confusion in the street—sudden irruption of newsboys calling extras:—"Great panic in Wall street—bottom dropped out! Several eminent citizens gone to the Asylum! Latest suicides! Great collapse in railroad stocks! Failure of Snellington & Co! Bilkins master of the situation!"]

DE S.—Eleuse me, love; I think I heard my name.

BELLA.—(*Withdrawing her arm.*)
Rather familiar! Love? Such terms to me?

DE S.—Pardon! We are to wed so soon, you know.

BELLA.—Boundless presuming! We to wed, indeed!

DE S.—Did't thou not say that, poverty were mine
And but a cottage to receive us twain,
Thy love would still encompass mine?

BELLA.—Joseph, this gentleman would see the door—
The other side, I mean! And, Joseph, mind,
If Mr. Bilkins calls, admit him straight;
I did but jest when I dismissed him so.

DE S.—(*Hurrying to Wall street*).
O, woman! O, perfidious fortune, O!
But yesterday I could have bought thy love—
To-day, so fallen! Yet a chance remains.
Friend of my youthful days, here Bilkins comes.
His purse, at least, is mine.
(*Bilkins passes him in a hurry, looking down.*) He knows me not;
He turns his glance away. Then, farwell, world!
When love and friendship fail, let life fall, too!

[Falls with a hysteric laugh upon the pave. Scene closes to mournful music, "Up in a Balloon!"]

City Summary.

THE REVIVAL OF OLD ENGLISH COMEDIES has attracted delighted audiences to Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre the past week, as has been proven by the outbursts of enthusiasm bestowed upon the performances of "Old Heads and Young Hearts" and "London Assurance," the former being played on Sept. 27th, 28th and Oct. 1st, and for the *matinee* on the 2d, and the latter, Sept. 29th, 30th and the evening of Oct. 2d. In the first piece D. H. Harkins made his first appearance at this theatre as Tom Coke, and Marie Longmore as Miss Rocket, while George Clarke played Littleton Coke; W. Davidge, Jessie Rural; James Lewis, Bob; Clara Jennings, Lady Alice Hawthorne; and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the Countess. In "London Assurance" E. L. Davenport played Sir Harcourt; W. Davidge, Max; George Clarke, Charles; J. B. Polk, Dolly Spanker; James Lewis, Meddle; Fanny Davenport, Grace; Marie Longmore, Lucy, Grace; and Marie Wilkins, Pert. Both pieces were well placed upon the stage, and as can be seen above, strongly cast. All played their several characters extremely well.

"FORMOSA" is in the last week but one of its representation at Niblo's Garden, as Boucicault and Byron's new drama of "Lost at Sea"—which was to be the opening piece of the Adelphi Theatre, London, on Sept. 30th—is being hurriedly prepared for representation on Oct. 18th. If it should make a hit and have a run, Lotta's engagement will be postponed for a brief period.

CLAUDE HAMILTON played Karloo in "Patrie," at the Grand Opera House, the past week, after Tuesday night, James Herne not being able to continue the performance.

M. SENYEAH sails for Europe this week in search of talent, and will return shortly.

THE GREGORY FAMILY are preparing for a trip to California.

EMMA MADDERN (Mrs. James M. Nixon), arrived in this city on Sept. 28th, from San Francisco, Cal.

EPH HORN, JR., son of old Uncle Eph, who was the recipient of a pearl inlaid banjo from Tony Pastor the past week, opens at the Waverley Theatre this evening.

E. L. DAVENPORT closed at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 2d inst., and will have a leave of absence of six weeks, during which time he will appear in some of the New England towns, and, probably, at the Adelphi Theatre, Boston.

CARL ROSA filed a declaration of his intention to become an American citizen on the 2d inst.

W. HOLSTON, at present playing Bob Sanders, in "Formosa," at Niblo's Garden, will, at the close of his engagement there, appear at the Olympic Theatre in a piece of his own, gotten up expressly by the Olympic management for Mr. H.

TIMM!—James Mace, "by the request of several eminent citizens," will put up his hands every evening this week, at the Tammany, and, aided by his cousin Pooley, will show the uninitiated the art of self-defence.

S. STICKNEY'S CIRCUS has pitched canvas in this city on the lot corner of Forty-third street and Broadway.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS come in for a large share of public patronage, and most deservedly so, for they are giving a most laughable entertainment, sending their audiences away each evening in the best of good humor. Dan Bryant's "Black Statues" provoke as much laughter as does Jim Mace's white statues applause at the Tammany.

TONY PASTOR strengthens his company this week by the addition of Mons. Dubosco, gymnast. "The Bowery by Day and Night" is the title of the farce given all this week.

EFFIE GERMON, who has been in Washington the past two weeks, visiting her mother, re-appears at Wallack's, shortly, as Pearl Eccles in "Caste."

OLIVE LOGAN has a new comedy that will shortly be put in rehearsal at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

YANKEE ROBINSON arrived in this city on the 3d, and remains a few days. He reports his circus to be doing a good business in New York State. This week the concern will be in Courtland, De Ruyter and other towns in Courtland county.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS makes her *rentree* in this city this evening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in Shakespeare's comedy of "Twelfth night," which has not been witnessed in this city in twelve years. Mrs. Siddons appeared here on a former occasion under many disadvantages. In the first place, with but few exceptions, her support was wre ched, while one of the company was too often "indisposed," to make things pleasant. Then again, she was at the New York Theatre—an establishment that was completely run into the ground, and it was with great difficulty that a respectable audience could be gathered within its walls. Those who did attend, saw sufficient to satisfy themselves that the lady was an artist, and appearing, as she does now, at one of our leading theatres, and with the support of a first-class company, she will have every opportunity to display her talents.

THE PAREPA ROSA OPERA TROUPE closed their season of English Opera in this city, at the French Theatre, on the 2d inst., with a performance of "The Bohemian Girl."

THE ZANFRETTA AND CARON FAMILY, having been well received at the Waverley Theatre, the past week, in their comic pantomimes, continue among the attractions of the current week. Eph Horn, Jr., Mlle Lupo, *premier danseuse* of the DePol troupe; George Warren, Banjoist; Billy Carter, Jule Keene, Dutch impersonater, and Billy Devere, are in the company this week.

SEVERAL ADDITIONS are made to the company at the Theatre Comique this week, consisting of William Carleton, Marie Adrian, Clara Butler, and Addie St. Clair.

M. HARTZ, the magician, left for Europe on Sept. 25th.

ELLERY STEERE, better known in the profession as "The Other Steere," was in this city the past week, making his arrangements for the fall season, and organizing a variety troupe, among whom will be found W. Wells Kendall, E. P. Fowler, L. M. W. Grate, with C. Amory Bruce as advance agent and J. Dickson as treasurer.

MORE ROBBING OF ACTRESSES.—In a late issue of the CLIPPER we briefly alluded to the loss sustained by Agnes Ethel and Louisa Eldridge of silk dresses, by boys calling at their residences and saying they had been sent for them. Since then other actresses have been robbed of valuable wardrobe. Among those who have reported losses at the Detective Office are Lucille Western, Kate Bateman, Lillie Eldridge, Agnes Ethel and Mlle Zavistowski. Miss Western was robbed of an elegant velvet stage robe, valued at $900, and nearly $200 worth of other property, and the other ladies reported losses varying from $100 to $200 each. Miss Bateman is said to have lost over $1,000 worth of dresses. Detectives were at once sent in search of the culprit, when a boy was found and identified by those who had given him the dresses. He confessed his guilt, and implicated two women, who had been the receivers. The dresses were pawned by these women, and the tickets sold to another woman, from whom everything lost was recovered, including Miss Western's velvet robe, used by her in "Lucretia Borgia," several handsome silk walking and evening dresses, an opera cloak and various other articles, valued in all at $2,500. The prisoners were temporarily locked up at Police Headquarters, where Miss Western and the other ladies called and identified their property. On Sept. 27th the lad and the two females were arraigned before Justice Dowling at the Tombs Police Court, when Miss Lucille Western appeared and made an affidavit that the lad Flanagan had obtained from her servants, at the Metropolitan Hotel, a velvet embroidered robe valued at $500, a black satin dress valued at $100, and an opera cloak worth $60, under the pretence that the deponent had sent him from the theatre for the articles. Mrs. Louisa Eldridge tastified that the lad had obtained from her a valuable silk dress which belonged to her daughter, Miss Lillie Eldridge, by the same means. Christine Zavistowski also identified one of the dresses recovered by the detective, and valued at $175, as having been obtained from her by the lad, who represented that Emmeline Zavistowski had sent him for it. The property belonging to Miss Bateman, which has been recovered, is valued at $900, but as that lady did not appear in court no complaint in her case could be taken.

ANOTHER CHILD PREDICTION.—This week at Wood's Museum. The Zavistowski Sisters will appear every afternoon in place of the evening, as of late, in their burlesque of "Wip Wan Winkle." in which Emmeline does a song and dance very well, while Alice is exceedingly clever in the song and dance of "Love Among the Roses." One evening last week Alice was presented with a magnificent floral tribute in the shape of a full rigged ship, consisting of some of the choicest flowers, also a boquet containing a diamond ring with seven stones. Every evening this week will be presented Dominick Murray's romantic drama entitled "Peril," with C. W. Barry and Rosa Rand in the principal *roles*, assisted by the regular stock company. The giant Chang continues on exhibition every day.

MR. TAYLEURE has postponed his opening of the French Theatre from this evening to the 11th inst., occasioned, we are told, by the scenery not being ready. "Sam" will be the opening piece, with F. S. Chanfrau, T. B. De Walden, and Charles Parsloe, Jr., in their original characters. Georgie Langtree will play Emily.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST" is to be revived at the Grand Opera House this evening, with quite a change in the cast as marked its Cooper presentation at this house. Charles Wheatleigh will play Caliban; Mr. H. Taylor, Ferdinand; E. L. Tilton, Prospero; C. J. Fyffe, Antonio; W. Davidge, Jr., Trinculo; Annie Deland, Miranda; and Lisa Weber, Ariel and Ceres. A full *ballet* troupe will appear, led by the graceful Sangali.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER was made in the programme at the Tammany the past week, the management having wisely withdrawn "The Queen of Hearts," and in its place presented the farce of "Turn Him Out," and the *ballet d'action* of "Tot," interspersed with the aerial feats of the Rizarelli Brothers, the aquatic performances of Harry Gurr, Moe and Goodrich in their parlor skating act, and the introduction of James Mace, in citizen's dress, and a few explanatory remarks made about his trophies, consisting of belts and cups. Later in the evening he appeared in his statues, the same as during the previous week. Prof. Roberts also gave what he calls his magic tableaux, consisting of scenic views of George Gordon Lord Byron, Countess Guicciola, Lady Noel Byron, Lady Augusta Leigh, Mrs. Stowe, and Henry Ward Beecher, Abraham Lincoln, and George Washington. They were given the same as all stereoscopic exhibitions, by darkening the house and showing them on an illuminated curtain on the stage. They were all very nicely given, and are considered most excellent portraits of the parties represented. In the farce of "Turn Him Out," A. H. Seldon was seen to as his wonted vein as tender of toys, but Maggie Desmond failed to give a correct impersonation of a maid of all work. In the *ballet d'action* of "Tot," the Lauri Family appeared. Moe, the skater, was off duty on Sept. 30th, having taken a trip to Philadelphia.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK" is to be revived at the Olympic Theatre this evening with the following cast:—J. K. Mortimer as Badger, J. B. Studley as Capt. Fairweather, Harry Holton as Phil, F. B. Ketchum as Bob, Eliza Newton as Alida Bloodgood, Mrs. E. Wright as Mrs. Puffy, and Mrs. T. J. Hind as Mrs. Fairweather.

"FORMOSA" is fast reaching its tether at Niblo's Garden, as it will be withdrawn after next week. C. H. Morton, who has been playing Major Jorum, withdrew from the cast on Sept. 27th, and the character was played by James T. Ward, who failed to do justice to the *role*. Considerable improvement was made the past week in the boat race scene, the boats being much larger and raised higher on the stage, which made the event a great deal more effective.

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS, at present performing in Brooklyn, closes its tenting season on the 9th inst., and re-opens at their winter quarters in Fourteenth street, this city, on the 11th inst.

CHARLEY WHITE cannot, it appears, remain contented out of the show business. He has been out of the Theatre Comique scarcely two weeks, when we learn that he has secured the Waverley Theatre, where he will open, with a variety troupe, on the 11th inst. He has already secured Gus Williams and a number of first class performers. By an arrangement made with Josh Hart, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mr. White is to receive a succession of variety talent.

M. CONSERVAL, head waiter at the Tammany, was lately presented with a medal the size of a half dollar, by the Rizarelli Brothers.

CHARLES MELVILLE was in this city on the 2d inst.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE opened, as a variety theatre, on Sept. 27th, under the management of Robert W. Butler. The house was densely crowded. When the curtain was raised, the entire company was discovered in line in citizens' dress, when the "Star Spangled Banner" was cleverly sung by Maurice B. Pike, assisted by the company. This was followed by Lizzie Whelpley in a dance, G. F. McDonald and Lew Brimmer in an Ethiopian sketch, Sallie Clinetop in a dance, D. L. Morris in a Dutch stump speech, Dick Ralph with a song and dance, Rita Percy, in her statuesque performances, Maude De Lasco, vocalist; a *ballet* by Mons. Grossi, introducing Miles. Augusta and Ventnroll as *premiers*; Sheridan and Mack in their character personations, and the "Dutch farce of "Forty Winks." For a first night we never saw a performance go on so well, there not being a single hitch or wait from the rising of the curtain to the close of the performance. D. L. Morris is a clever Dutch actor, as has been proven by his performance of "Dutch Richard the Three Times," on former occasions, and his dialect is excellent, but he requires a great deal more practice and study before he can successfully compete with Dan Bryant. He appeared to better advantage in the farce. Dick Ralph met with an enthusiastic reception, but we do not think he dances as well now as he did three years ago, at 444. Rita Percy made her first appearance in this country in her classical draped statuary, representing "Joan of Arc," "Rebecca at the Well," "Faith," "Hope," "Memory," the "Greek Slave" in two positions, "Queen of Night," and "Columbia." Miss Percy enjoys the reputation, in England, of being one of the best formed women ever seen on the stage, and we think she is fully entitled to that reputation, for, with a symmetrical and well developed form, she has a stature of becoming height, which looks commanding in her specialties. She draped the characters beautifully and modestly, and no one could be offended. Her representations were well received throughout the week. Had the management taken a little more pains in giving proper attention to seeing that the effects of this business were correctly attended to, it would have been much better for the lady as well as the audience. No attention was paid to darkening the lights in the front part of the house, or even on the stage, and the gas was turned on full head. Then, the line lights were badly arranged, instead of two powerful ones, there was but one, and that a poor affair, while the colored lights were few and badly managed. The great beauty of this statue business is the fine effect given by these lights and colored glass, as is witnessed in Mace's performances at the Tammany. After the first night there was a slight improvement only in the light arrangements. Miss Percy was favorably received in her different representations. The present is to be a two weeks' engagement, when she will change her programme, and present "The Amazon," "Flora, Goddess of Flowers," "Nymphs of the Fountain," "Queen of Night," "Erin," "Hope," "The Greek Slave" and "Columbia." Maude De Lasco, who is not a good vocalist, did not appear after Wednesday evening. This week there is quite a change of programme, and a number of new faces appear.

KATE BATEMAN continues her performance of "Leah," at Booth's Theatre, which shortly be withdrawn to make room for "Mary Warner," now in active preparation. "Enoch Arden" was repeated on the 2d inst.

LUCILLE WESTERN terminated her lengthy summer engagement at the Grand Opera House, on Oct. 2d, with a performance of "Patrie."

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are attracting crowded audiences to their hall of minstrelsy every evening, and more delighted ones, if incessant laughter and hearty applause is a proof, we have not seen in a long time. One evening during the past week we took infinite pleasure in witnessing with what delight a country girl and her beau enjoyed the fun. She fairly screamed with laughter, and with so much earnestness that she actually jumped up and down in her seat, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. It was as good as a show to witness her antics.

LEO HUDSON, who has been absent from the New York boards for some time, re-appears this evening at the Old Bowery Theatre, appearing as "Mazeppa."

"PROGRESS"—Robertson's last and successful comedy—was produced at Wallack's Theatre on Sept. 27th. It kept the bills all the week, and is announced for the current week. It has been well placed upon the stage, the scenery and appointments being very handsome. Louisa Moore made her *debut* at this establishment as Eva, and at once made a favorable impression by her lady-like and careful impersonation of the love-sick girl. John Gilbert looked and acted the *role* of the family physician to the life, playing with his wonted carefulness and excellence. Stoddart was excellent as Bunnythorne, as he always is in such eccentric characters. In fact the piece was well acted throughout. "An Unequal Match" and "Caste" are in active preparation. The house was good the first night, and business was fair throughout the week.

JAMES TAYLOR, the London vocalist, opens at the Theatre Comique, on the 11th inst.

TONY PASTOR gave an interesting show at his Opera House the past week, and the attendance was very good. Johnny Forbes appeared in a drum solo and did well. Walter Bray did a song and dance, called "The Smear Kase Man" and for an *encore* indulged in a short sermon. Polly Daly was well received in her songs, and Frank Kerns created considerable fun by his impersonation of "Mistress Jinks." Gus Williams sang a number of songs, making very quick changes of costume each time. His song of "Up in That Back Room," to the melody of "Up in a Balloon," is a little rough, but always receives considerable applause. Tony Pastor, who is a great favorite with his audiences, received four *encores* for his singing.

KELSE SEYMOUR is expected to arrive from England, about the latter part of this month, and will open at Tony Pastor's Opera House, as soon as he reaches here. He writes home that he is very much dissatisfied with the old country, as he does not find things quite as lively, nor the boys quite as sociable as they are here.

THE ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS remain at Wood's Museum three weeks longer.

SAMUEL COLVILLE, late of Wood's Museum, returned from England during the past week.

TAMMANY gives a free outside show every Saturday evening, comprising music, fireworks and colored calcium lights. It makes things lively in Fourteenth street.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON is being painted and otherwise rejuvenated, preparatory to L. B. Lent's New York Circus opening there on Monday evening next.

LUCILLE WESTERN was to have taken the part of Miranda, in the "Tempest," at the Grand Opera House, but, owing to some unforeseen circumstance, a change was suddenly made and Annie De Land substituted. What's the matter now?

THE REPRESENTATIONS of ancient statuary, by Miss Rita Percy, at the Theatre Comique, are very pretty, and elicit applause, even from those possessing little or no knowledge about works of art. The lady has evidently made the subject a deep study. The only drawback to the beauty of the statuesque pictures is the bad management of the calcium lights.

MINA GEARY sailed for England on Sept. 30th.

M. DEYNE'S FRENCH OPERA TROUPE, after giving a few performances at the Academy of Music during the past week, suddenly collapsed, and now the members "want to go home," but can't, owing to a lack of the filthy lucre.

Dramatic.

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO are pretty lively at present, so we are informed by our correspondent, "Amusement," who, under date of Sept. 29th, says:—"Formosa" was produced at the Opera House on Sept. 23d, to a splendid audience. It is by far the best production we have had. The stage business was perfect, even to the most minor detail, while the principal scenic and mechanical features, such as Formosa's Villa, the boudoir, and the boat race, reached the climax of stage art. The Villa scene is one of the finest yet witnessed in this city, and credit is due to McKee Rankin, who has produced the play under his special supervision. The cast is the best in the city. McKee Rankin appeared as Tom Burroughs, and it being his first appearance here for some time his reception was very enthusiastic. His personation of this character is fresh and natural, and full of *abandon*. Edward Coleman, as Major Jorum, comes in for the next honors of the piece, and deserves commendation for his excellent conception, as well as performance of this *role*. J. B. Turner as Sam Boker, the retired prize fighter, was strikingly effective. J. W. Jennings' representation of Bob Sanders was exceedingly clever and powerful; but decidedly the most artistic performance was the Formosa of Emily Jordan, in whom the part found an intelligent and charming exponent. Her entrance was the signal for an outburst of applause. She looked charming

was the Formosa, rendering it tolerably. Some of the scenery was exceedingly effective, particularly the boat house, Formosa's villa and Barnes' Bridge, the scene of the boat race, which last was managed with good effect. 'Formosa' was kept on all the week, which closed the season of the combination. Next (this) week John Collins commences an engagement, supported by the regular dramatic company.

GIVING ENTERTAINMENTS of a class entirely different from other theatres in Philadelphia, Fox's American has not what may be called an opposition; hence it is that the success of this establishment continues "all the year round." This week a number of additions are made to the already attractive and strong array of talent; among the new people being Miss Marie Zoel, clog dancer and Ethiopian delineator; Fernando Fleury, Miss Maggie Bowers, the Hughes Brothers, etc. "The Beauty of Saville," a new *ballet* by Geo. N. Smith, is given, together with the *ballet* of "La Nymph Du Bois," in both of which De Rosa and the regular *ballet corps* will appear. A number of fresh specialties will also be presented, showing off the entire company in their respective lines of business. A new sensational drama, "The Path of Crime; or, the Mysteries of the Quaker City," by Geo. R. Edeson, is also to be produced this week.

"FORMOSA" had a successful opening week at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where it will continue to attract large audiences for some time longer. Some of the critics condemn the play, but the people encourage the management, and that's the one for her.

EDWIN BOOTH continues to fill the Walnut, Philadelphia. The plays for the current week are "Richelieu," "Brutus," "Othello," "Lady of Lyons" and "Richard III."

JENNY WILLMORE, burlesque, comedy and farce, is prepared to negotiate for long or short engagements. Address as per advertisement.

FOR THE BENEFIT of Mr. P. A. Fitzgerald, at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on the 6th inst., that gentleman will appear as Nick of the Woods, in "The Jibbenainosay," and the Athletic Glee Club will sing a number of pleasing selections.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" is the present attraction at Laura Keene's Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. "Hunted Down" and "Home" are underlined.

INEZ ST. JOHN, tragedienne, can be engaged for one or two weeks. Find her agents' address in another column.

DAVIS & CO., dramatic agents, Cincinnati, O., insert in another column their usual budget of advertisements.

C. E. BIDWELL's dramatic company closed in Portland, Me., on Oct. 2d, producing there the past week "Fanchon," "Hidden Hand," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "Cynthia" and "Octoroon," and for Dollie Bidwell's farewell benefit, on Oct. 2d, "Dick Turpin" and "Katherine and Petruchio." They open in Taunton, Mass., Oct. 4th, for a brief season.

CHARLEY FURBISH, while ahead attending to the business for C. E. Bidwell's dramatic company, is also doing the advance business for Maggie Mitchell, for a couple of weeks, through the Eastern country.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON made his bow before a Newark, N. J., audience on September 27th, in his *role* of Rip Van Winkle. Mr. Jefferson's reception, says our correspondent, "Rover," "was very enthusiastic, and the house was crowded. New York ticket speculators were in attendance and realized handsomely for their trouble. Mr. Jefferson was well supported by a carefully selected New York company, including Fanny Morant, Blanche Grey, Annie Glassford, Master Willie Seymour and Charlie Norris."

THE COMPANY from the Grand Rapids, Mich., Opera House, opened at Battle Creek, Mich., on the 2d, for a short season, under the management of T. V. Jones. They opened with "Narcisse," J. E. Nagle and Anna Morris being the principal attractions.

THE PARTINGTON SISTERS closed at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on Oct. 2d. During their last week they appeared in "Pride of the Market," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Colleen Bawn," "Angel of Midnight," and for their farewell benefit "Red Scarf" and "Middy Ashore." Jean Hosmer was to commence an engagement of one week on Oct. 4th.

FROM BOSTON we are advised of the latest doings in theatrical circles by our regular, "Coriolanus," who, under date of Oct. 2d, says:—"Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams produced on Sept. 27th, at the Boston Theatre, John Brougham's drama of the 'Emerald Ring.' The play is unworthy of John Brougham in almost every respect. In plot it is similar to every Irish drama ever written, and is therefore not worth giving here. Not finding the talents of the stars sufficiently attractive, the manager has been giving away Emerald rings (which cost about two cents by the load) as an inducement to help fill up the seats. I am sorry to see a first-class theatre descending to such a thing. Maggie Mitchell succeeds the present stars..... At the Museum, nothing new has been going on, as 'East Lynne' still proves a paying card. Wm. Warren took a benefit on Oct. 1st, giving 'Mrs. Wallthrop's Boarders,' with himself as Judge Thornby, Barron as Raymond, and Annie Clarke as Frances Elwood; also, 'A Cup of Tea'—the delightful little piece produced at this house last season. The occasion was a complete success, the house being very full..... C. W. Couldock has appeared during the past week at the Adelphi, as Phil. Stapleton, in 'Old Phil's Birthday,' a pleasing domestic drama. He was supported by Geo. Vandenhoff, A. H. Davenport, Miss Couldock, and Aggie Wood. His impersonation was a rare treat, making us wish there were more such excellent painstaking actors to be seen. Colin Stuart is a new addition to the company, but by no means a desirable one. He talks as though he was afraid some one might hear him, and acts in somewhat the same style. Lingard gave a change in his sketches, and 'Kenilworth' followed. The burlesque is to be played to night for the last time. In my notice of it last week, I, by mistake, gave Tresilian as the part played by Mr. Righton. He really plays Varney, while Lillie Hall plays Tresilian. On the 4th inst., Mr. Couldock is to play Luke Fielding in the 'Willow Copse.' 'The Maid and Magpie' will shortly be played, and Lingard appears in his sketches..... At the Olympic, we have had the 'Three Fast Men' during the week, and it has proved very successful. Last night 'Child of the Sun' was given. The following new additions have been made to the already strong company:—Misses Laura, Julia and Fannie Queen, Mrs. Fred. Williams, Annie Chester, W. Keeble and W. Scallan. The female minstrel scene in the third act was a feature in the performance, and called forth a great deal of applause. Kate Fisher and Jennie Kimball appeared in the drama. W. H. Whaley opens on Oct. 4th, in 'Nick of the Woods.' ..... The 'Serpent on the Hearth' was given at Selwyn's on Sept. 27th, 28th, and Oct. 1st, for the last time. Mr. Selwyn has discovered that this sort of sensational drama is not popular with the patrons of his house, and will probably not produce any more of them. He announces that Robertson's 'School,' which enjoyed such a long run last season, will be revived on Oct 4th. The *matinee* for the benefit of the Avondale sufferers was given on Sept. 29th, and brought in $250. The bill was the 'Follies of a Night' and 'Betsy Baker.' 'Paul Fry' and 'Betsy Baker' were given in the evening, and on Sept. 30th, was the occasion for the first appearance, this season, of Thos. Barry, who appeared as Mr. Sulky in 'Road to Ruin.' This is the first time the play has been given at this establishment, and, for a first performance, it passed off quite creditably. In 'School' next (this) week, C. H. Vandenhoff will take the part of Lord Beaufoy, played last season by L. R. Shewell. A new Drama by Robertson (probably 'Progress') is announced for early production..... The Howard Athenæum has found in the burlesque and pantomime of 'Robinson Crusoe' a great attraction, with Mafflt and Bartholomew as Clown and Pantaloon. The piece is exceedingly amusing and, in the hands of the company at the Howard, is capitally rendered. All the former stars, such as Bloodgood, Cool Burgess, Budworth, Ryman, Johnny Hart, Jennie Engle, Sallie Maddox, and a host of others still remain, and the new additions are being constantly made. The Clodoche Troupe, lately at Niblo's Garden, New York, are to appear on October 4th, in connection with the burlesque..... Trowbridge's Opera House opened on September 27th to a very fair house, with Dougherty, Wild, Barney and Mae's Minstrels. Andy Mc Kee, appears on October 4th, and Rollin Howard's burlesque of 'Grand Duchy Us' will be presented.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD plays Topsey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 7th inst.

"FORMOSA" is presented at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week.

LOTTA was advertised to appear at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., for three nights, commencing Sept. 30th, under the management of B. Macauley, but the engagement was cancelled, owing to her being under engagement to another manager to appear there later in the season.

Musical.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE performed at Music Hall, London, Ont., for nine nights, ending on Sept 29th.

DE VIVO announces the inauguration of Parepa-Rosa's operatic season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 4th of October, and during the present engagement the following operas will be brought out:—"The Puritan's Daughter," "Oberon," "The Black Domino," "Satanella," "Martha," "Faust," "Maritana, "Trovatore" and "Marriage of Figaro."

THE CHAMPION IRMA GLEE CLUB will give their fourth annual concert at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 26th.

SMITH'S BELL RINGERS have been traveling through the State of Illinois.

BLIND TOM will be in Evansville, Ind., on the 5th and 6th inst.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE closed their engagement at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 2d. On Sept. 27th "Martha" was rendered in fine style, and was witnessed by the best audience of the season. Miss Dora Harris made her *debut* as Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," on Sept. 30th. Her acting and singing were warmly applauded, and she was called out at the close of the second act. On Oct. 1st, for the benefit of Mrs. C. Richings-Bernard, she appeared as Violetta, in the opera of "La Traviata." Saturday matinee, "Bohemian Girl;" night, "Martha." So writes our correspondent, "Don Juan."

CHARLEY SHAY, manager of the Quincuplexal Troupe, is in want of a good cornet player. See advertisement.

THE TYROLEAN CONCERT TROUPE opened in Louisville, Ky., on Sept. 28th, to a fair house, for three nights.

THE BERGER FAMILY BELL RINGERS are said to have been favored with fine houses at Kalamazoo, Battle Creek and Marshall, Mich., which towns they visited for two nights each during the week ending Oct. 2d.

THE GERMANIA ORCHESTRA.—The Germania Orchestra, of Philadelphia, held their annual election on Sept. 28th. The following gentlemen have been elected as officers for the ensuing year:—Leader, Wm. G. Dietrich; president, Wm. Stoll; secretary, L. A. Tachirner; treasurer, C. F. Boettger; counsellor, R. D. Coxe; standing committee, J. Grein, Wm. G. Dietrich and G. Bastert.

W. P. SPAULDING, manager of Spaulding's Bell Ringers, was made the father of a little girl, on Sept. 18th, at Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Spaulding being at her home there at the time. Georgie Dean Spaulding joins the party on Nov. 1st. This company will appear in Waterbury, Conn., on Oct. 4th.

THE BRIGNOLI CONCERT TROUPE are announced to appear at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., for three nights, commencing Oct. 11th, under the management of John Ellsler.

BRIGNOLI, with a concert troupe, appears in Rochester, N. Y., on the 9th inst.

THE TYROLEAN ALPINE TROUPE appear in Nashville, Tenn. on the 6th, 7th and 8th inst.

THE GRAY FAMILY BELL RINGERS are to be in Rochester, N. Y., on the 12th and 14th inst., and Buffalo, 25th, 26th and 27th. For list of company see advertisement.

Variety Halls.

THE ELY STREET OPERA HOUSE, lately opened in Rochester, N. Y., by Beckridge and Goulding, has the following company engaged:—Annie Hodge, Julia Nicholson, Lew Canvans, Joe Noel, Billy Rathburn, Harry Butler, and Laughlin and Murray, clogists.

THE ACADEMY OF FUN, Omaha, is said to be quite popular with the lovers of amusement in that town. The company consists of M. B. Leavitt, Tony Harvey, Tom Baker, Mlle. Barron, Miss Azilline, Hattie Forrest, Miss Blanche, Sallie and Jennie Dumont, with Tommy Troop, Joe Allen, Frank Steele, Shultz Ferguson, Charles Tobler, and Alf Sarge. Sam Cole commenced his second engagement there on Sept. 23d. A correspondent says:—"On Sept. 27th Mr. S. Young, a scenic artist, from London, will open with his mechanical moving dioramas of the 'Frozen Regions,' changing to the 'Palace of Summer,' 'Storm at Sea,' 'Shipwreck,' 'Niagara Falls Day and Night,' 'The Shrine of the Holy Nativity,' etc. He intends going east, and Frank Steele will probably accompany him. I think Steele's bell ringing would be a novelty there, as he plays on fourteen cow bells all the popular melodies of the day, hornpipes, with variations, chimes, etc., not burlesque, but fast playing."

WALLACE AND WOOD, grotesque musical clowns and comic vocalists, advertise that they can be engaged.

MARRIED, in Rochester, Sept. 2d, by the Rev. Mr. Saxe, Nellie Whiting and Johnny Redden, both of the variety profession.

THE MANAGER of the Metropolitan Hall, at Washington, can have no cause to complain, for business is in a flourishing condition. Our correspondent writes that "Eugene Gorman has taken the tambourine end and thoroughly established himself as a favorite. He sings a good end song and rattles off a gag in a most amusing manner. Tom McIntyre remains on the bone end, and Charley Correil in the middle. Dick Parker manages the stage and appears in the olio in his drolleries. Maggie Fielding and Belle Williams delight the audiences with ballads and character songs, and Naomi Porter, Susie Starr and Mlle. Denitn execute Terpsehicorean feats. Mlle. De Rosa appears to-morrow evening, Oct. 4th."

MRS. THOS. HATWOOD (late Alice Gilmore), daughter of Fanny Gilmore, vocalist, presented her husband with a beautiful male infant, on the morning of Sept. 27th, in Philadelphia. Mother and child are doing well.

ED. BANKER, who has been at the Waverley Theatre, this city, can be secured, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE is giving its patrons a good show. The present company consists of Frank Dillon, Albert Davis, Wm. H. Maffin, Edwin Blanchard, G. A. Wilcox, H. W. Williams, Chas. Benedict, Billy Gray, Frank Wood, L. J. Dougherty, the Empire Boys, Emma Grattan, Clara Burton, Lucy Clifton, Fannie Wilcox and Viola Clifton. Frank Wood took a benefit on Oct. 1st. Eva Brent and M'lle Diana will be added to the company this week.

A VARIED and enjoyable entertainment is said to be given at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa. The following persons composed the company the past week:—Dick Carroll, Charles E. Collins, Charles Howard, C. S. Howard, Belvil Ryan, G. W. Herman, E. D. Gooding, T. Bingham, Harry Black, Chas. Whitten, Celia Berry, Lillie Beckett, Carrie Gardner, Ada Franklin and Bessie Star. C. S. Howard and Ada Franklin leave this week, and Charley Howard and Charley Collins go to Butler's (New York), on the 18th inst. Harry Richmond joins the Trimble company this week. Dick Carroll, Charley Collins, Charley Howard and Belvil Ryan make a strong team.

JAMES TAYLOR was the great attraction at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., the past week, where, says our correspondent, "Don Juan," "He has been drawing excellent houses. His specialty is facial changes, in which a roseate countenance suddenly assumes a deathly pallor. The other representations are a crying baby and answers of a deaf witness. The *ballet* of the 'Paris Beauties'—in which the *premieres*, Mlle. Diana and the Remmelsberg Sisters, appear in conjunction with Mons. Cellini and a *corps de ballet*—is magnificent, as is also that of the 'Arabs of the Desert.' The singing of Ada Alexandra and Eva Brent is highly *encored*. Carleton, in his character songs, is very popular, and Larry Tooley, Ethiopian performer, ditto. James Pilgrim, the well-known dramatic author and stage manager of the Front, is excellent in low comedy parts, and he is a great favorite with the patrons of the house. The burlesque of 'Sinbag, the Sailor,' is jolly in the extreme. The orchestra, led by Prof. Charles Rhinehart, possesses efficiency and power."

FROM CINCINNATI we are furnished the following report by our correspondent:—"There were three new faces at the Race Street Varieties the past week. Katie Sharpe, a passable *danseuse;* Julia St. George, who is a pleasant vocalist, and makes a good appearance on the stage; and Rose St. Audier. The latter seems to have no special line, but has been supporting Le Favre in the Can-can, as a fresh old woman, which she does very well. Le Favre continues to draw well, and will probably remain some time, though she has received tempting offers from the South and West. The other new things on the programme were some of the old-fashioned Negro acts of Tim Woodruff, which seem to be relished for a change, and Carleton's 'Kyser, don't you Want to Buy a Dog.' Business has been very fair....The principal feature of the week at the Fourth Street Theatre was the appearance of Frank Pell, who gave his characteristic stump speech, and also figured in the Can-can as Ephraim Snow. M'lle Leoline, a very good *danse ise*, late of the Bowman and Harris Troupe, also made her *entree* and was well received. Ned Reed gave his song and dance, and Johnny Weaver his 'Happy Uncle Joe.' The following members of the company have been engaged to open the Bay City (Mich.) Varieties next (this) week, and take their departure from here on Oct. 2d:—Ned Reed, Johnnie Weaver, J. B. Whitman, May Gifford, Bonnie Emerson and Kitty La Grange. After such a pull as that, the troupe remaining will need a strengthening dose..... Yale's Variety Theatre, after having had a good run of biz during the hot months, closed up on Wednesday evening; cause:—A plentiful lot empty benches.....In consequence of difficulties with the authorities, it is probable that Mr. Collins will not open the Fourth Street Academy of Music, as contemplated. It would be an excellent theatre for a first-class minstrel company..... Celia Ifert has taken her departure for Cleveland. Lynch, a moke from the same port, was in Iowa with a prospect of a 'sell' at the 'Fourth Ward.' Lizzie Mayling returned from her rural trip on Saturday. Bowman and Harris closed with the offer of the Newcomb Minstrels, and opened with them, at Indianapolis, on the 27th ult."

THE AMERICAN VARIETIES THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., opens about the 15th of Nov. Sensation stars and artists are requested to apply to the manager, whose address find in another column.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, business has been good the past week, as we are informed by our correspondent, "Dick," who adds:—"Billy Allen in his 'Essence of old Virginny,' was well received. Luke Schoolcraft, in his Dutch songs and dances, receives two or three *encores* nightly. The 'Pas D'Frois Tyrolean,' of Lina Windle, Eveline and Sig. Constantine was pleasing. The 'Gens D'Arme Duet' by the Leon Brothers, the Irish songs and dances of Dan Morris, and the stilt and hornpipe dances of J. Vincent, were all capitally rendered. The performance concluded with the comic oriental pantomime of 'Kin Ka,' which was placed on the stage in good style."

VELOCIPEDE CHALLENGE.—At the Front Street Theatre Comique, Baltimore, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 29th, a race on velocipedes took place, between a pretty young lady, named Rose May, and two gentlemen. The distance was ten times around, making over a quarter of a mile, which the lady won, making the distance in one minute and 12 seconds, beating one of the gentlemen by 25 seconds. Miss May has just arrived in New York, and authorizes us to state that she will make a match to race any other lady velocipedist in the country, for speed, distance one mile, the race to take place in any suitable rink in this city. Answer can be addressed in our care.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Boston, late Morris Brothers', will re-open shortly as a variety theatre, under the management of Rich, Hart and Trowbridge. Talent is advertised for.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., is now managed by Manager Gunkle. A correspondent says:—"During the vacation upward of $8,000 were spent in painting, frescoing and new scene-painting, making it one of the neatest halls in the State. The present company consists of Joe Woods, Dan Griffin, George Thompson, Prof. Klein, Sig. Cappola, Ettie Barker, Mlle. Henrietta, Lizzie Whelan, Kate Davenport, and Bettie Parker. The entertainment commences with Joe Woods' burlesque on 'Father Kemp's Old Folks,' in which some of the company appear dressed in costumes. The piece has taken well for two weeks. Joe Woods is capital in his camp meeting speech. Ettie Barker, who received a hearty welcome upon her return, is a favorite. The burlesque of the 'White Fawn' will take the boards on the 4th inst. J. G. Berry and Sig. E. Martinez appear this (next) week.

MILLIE SMITH song and dance lady, has been well received at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Bay City, Mich., opens on Oct. 5th, under the management of Messrs. McCombe & Co., with the following ladies and gentlemen:—May Gifford, Johnny Weaver, Bonnie Emerson, Kittie La Grange, Ned Reed, J. B. Whitman, Chas. E. Lester and Johnnie Williams. J. W. Owen is leader of orchestra. Ned Reed takes the stage management.

RITA PERCY, the representative of classical draped statuary, who is at present in her second and last week at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, where she has been well received each evening, can be secured by managers of variety halls for six or twelve nights, as per her advertisement, to be found elsewhere.

M'LLE IRMA continues her statuesque performances at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., where she is said to have been well received.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS are announced to appear in Geneva, N. Y., on the 13th inst.

ZEKE MILLIMAN'S MINSTRELS, with Billy Frear and Zeke Milliman on the ends; G. Green, banjoist; Master Zeke, cloggist; Gus Newhouse, violinist; H. D. Maston, second violin; M. W. Clifton, balladist; B. Fredericks, clarionet; C. Muller, double bass, and M. Isaacs, cornet, were to be in Barrington, Mass., Sept. 28th, 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st, and go thence to Pittsfield for the 7th, 8th and 9th.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were in Montreal, Canada, on Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

CROWDED HOUSES assemble at the Bijou Opera House of Carncross and Dixey, in Philadelphia, and it is difficult to obtain even standing room after the curtain rises. "Scenes on the City Cars," "Norma" and "McM'ke's Fishing Party" were the leading features for the past week..... Duprez and Benedict propose to divide the honors with this company after the 15th of Oct., locating permanently at the Theatre Comique.

ALLEN, PETTENGILL & CO.'S MINSTRELS perform in Pittsburgh for one week, commencing on Oct. 11th, and jump thence to Cincinnati. H. J. Sargent has joined the party as advance agent in place of C. B. Griste, who left the party on Sept. 29th.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLAD MINSTRELS are billed for Providence, R. I., Oct. 5th.

MORRIS BROS. MINSTRELS put in an appearance at Roberts' Opera House, Hartford, Conn., on Sept 29th, and, notwithstanding the opposition of Thomas' orchestra, had a fine paying house.

THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels appear in Rochester, N. Y., on the 4th, Syracuse 5th, Utica 6th, Little Falls 7th, and Troy, N. Y., 8th and 9th.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS produce at their Opera House, Brooklyn, this week, a burlesque on "Formosa," introducing Edward Warden's mechanical invention of presenting a boat race on the stage. In addition to this, Leavitt's sketch of "High Jack the Heeler," is announced.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, with Joe Emmet, the Dutch comedian, as one of the attractions, are advertised to appear at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, Mich., on Oct. 7th, 8th and 9th.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLAD MINSTRELS are billed in Portland, Me., for the 9th inst.

PETTENGILL, ALLEN, DELEHANTY AND HENGLER'S MINSTRELS gave two performances in Troy, N. Y., on Sept. 29th and 30th, to fair but not crowded houses. Our correspondent "Mose," says:—"They introduce nine performers in their first part, with Pettengill and Allen on the ends, and George Bassett in the middle. Pettengill and Allen appear to advantage in their respective positions. George Bassett is a fair middle man. Aside from the witticisms and eccentricities of the end men there was not an attractive feature in the first part. They are minus a vocal quartet, Pettengill, Allen, and Chas. Church rendering all the ballads. In the olio, however, the company appear to better advantage. Delehanty and Hengler made a hit in the song and dance, 'Walking in the Starlight,' in which they were *encored* four times. They have improved wonderfully since their last appearance in this city. Charley Pettengill and Johnny Allen, in their several acts, took the house by storm. Charley, in particular, creating a sensation in his songs and dances. The evening's entertainment concluded with a farce."

ANOTHER MINSTREL ORGANIZATION commences operations on the 11th inst., starting on a tour through New England, and called Cole, Slater and Hart's. A list of the company will be found among our theatrical advertisements.

THE MORRIS BROS. MINSTRELS showed at the Newark, N. J., Opera House, on the 1st and 2d inst., to two of the largest houses attracted by any minstrel troupe this season. Our correspondent, "Rover," says:—"The company is an excellent one, with M. Ainsly Scott as interlocutor, and Billy Morris and Billy Sweatnam on the ends. Billy Morris sang 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' The programme, though quite lengthy, contained many new and laughable acts, and was well rendered."

THE ASSOCIATE ARTISTS of Kelly and Leon's minstrels put in one night in Rochester, N. Y., on Oct. 5th.

S. S. SANFORD'S MINSTRELS perform in Elizabeth, N. J., on Oct. 4th and 5th; Morristown 6th; Hackensack 7th; Dover 8th; and Newark 9th. The company consists of "Ole Bull" Myers, first violin; James Smith, second violin; Joseph Cofteg, cornet; Paul Berger, basso; John Stout, balladist; W. Paul, W. J. Rudolph, F. Arnold, and S. S. Sanford.

Circuses.

HEMMINGS, COOPER AND WHITBY'S CIRCUS was in Carbondale, Pa., Sept. 29th; Annah, 30th, and Harrisburg, Oct. 1st, *en route* for the south. A correspondent says:—"The establishment enjoys the advantage of having competent men at the head. Mr. Enochs is laying out the show and well does he fill his station. C. W. Ridder is business manager. Mr. Felix McDonald, in charge of the zoological department, has had years of practical experience in the old country, and right well does he perform the duties. In the present company he has a fine assortment of lions, tigers, leopards and panthers, and the manner in which he points out the differences of the species not only entertains the public, but imparts valuable information. A blue faced Mandrill lately gave birth to a young baby monkey and is doing well. It is said to be the only one born in this continent."

FRENCH'S CIRCUS was advertised to be exhibited on the South Green, in Hartford, Conn., Oct. 2d, afternoon and evening. This concern will shortly show in Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, and all around this immediate vicinity.

C. T. AMES' CIRCUS opens in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 5th inst., for four days, and goes thence south, making three stands, and ship to Memphis, Tenn., moving rapidly towards Mobile and New Orleans, opening in the latter place about the 25th of October. The idea is to get into Texas ahead of all others.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN CIRCUS was announced to open in Philadelphia, Eighth street, between Race and Pine, on the 4th of Oct., for a season of three weeks, giving both afternoon and evening entertainments during that time..... The Champion Circus opens in the same city, on the 1st of Nov., locating at Tenth and Callowhill streets.

EQUESTRIANS, gymnasts and acrobats, who want engagements, are requested to address L. B. Lent, who advertises in another column.

THE BRAZILIAN FAMILY, comprising Martinho Lowande, bare back rider; Abiardo Lowande, somersault rider; Corlinda Lowande, *equestrienne*, and Vitalia Lowande, tumbler and leaper, advertise that they can be engaged after the 22d inst.

COL. AMES' NEW ORLEANS CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE opens for four days on the Orphan Asylum lot, Cincinnati, commencing Wednesday, Oct. 6th.

CHARLES PARKER, sensation clown, can be engaged after the 6th of November. Address him as per advertisement.

A COMPLETE CIRCUS is advertised for sale by W. H. C. Shepard. He will sell a part of the stock or take a good partner.

YANKEE ROBINSON is in town this week, making preliminary arrangements for the winter.

DR. JAMES L. THAYER'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibited at Logansport, Ind., on Sept., 29th, to large and appreciative audiences. Prof. Charles White and his den of four performing lions are a feature of the show. Charles Abbot and Nat Austin are the clowns.

JAMES ROBINSON'S CIRCUS, and Gardner and Kenyon's Menagerie are at present in the south, and will shortly leave for a trip up the Ohio river to Cincinnati, after which they go north through Ohio to Cleveland, where they end the season on Nov. 15th, and ship the animals to Connersville, Ind., to Adam Forepaugh, who owns them. The circus stock winters there also.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE will be in Norfolk, Va., on the 18th inst., for three days.

FOREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE exhibits in Matoon, Ill., on the 6th, Terre Haute, Ind., 10th; and the concern closes the season at Richmond, Ind., on Oct. 30th.

JAMES ROBINSON, in conjunction with Gardner and Kenyon's Menagerie, exhibits in Nashville, Tenn., on Oct. 5th and 6th.

Miscellaneous.

A PORTION of the company from the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., performed, under canvas, at London, Ont., on Sept. 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th, in conjunction with Prof. McGregor and his trained ponies.

A PRESENTATION.—A moss agate stone ring, handsomely gotten up by a few personal friends in Porkopolis, was lately presented to E. S. Clapp, at present cornet player at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and formerly of Cotton and Murphy's Minstrels.

THE BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS have re-organized for the season. The party consists of Alex. Fraser, manager; W. McKenzie Forbes, agent; C. H. Carling, T. R. Hutchinson, Oliver Locke and Ed. Hopkins, glass workers; Frank Vaughan, violinist, and Albert T. Carr, harpist. They were to open in East Hampton, Mass., on Oct. 5th, for six nights.

THE CONTINENTAL HALL, Green Point, L. I., is advertised to let for balls, concerts, minstrel and other entertainments.

A YOUNG MAN advertises for a situation. He is willing to accept any ordinary position.

WEISIGER HALL, Louisville, Ky.—The proprietor of this hall has added a new set of dressing rooms to the stage. Parties desiring to engage it for November are requested to address as per advertisement.

HARRIS AND BROADWAY, bill-posters, Chicago, Ill., insert in the business card in our advertisement columns, from which it appears that they have more than ordinary facilities for conducting their business.

HARDIN HALL, Monmouth, Ill., has a seating capacity for about one thousand persons, is frescoed, and has a stage, with dressing rooms and scenery. This hall is advertised to let for dramatic, minstrel, and other entertainments.

BEN. B. BUCKLEY posts bills in Galesburg and Monmouth, Ill. See his address in another column.

HERRMANN, assisted by his brother Alexander, is to appear in Newark, N. J., on the 6th and 6th inst.

AN EXHIBITION PAINTING is advertised for sale cheap.

MANKINS AND WILLIAMS, gymnasts and acrobats, desire engagements after the 1st of November. Find their address in another column.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE is said to have done a big business the past week. A correspondent writes us that, in Stamford, for the first time, the gallery had to be opened, owing to the crowd. At Danbury they stopped selling tickets, and at Norwalk the crowd was so great that they charged fifty cents for the whole hall. At Bridgeport they stopped selling tickets, and at Waterbury the hall was crowded, the lower part being fifty cents. At Brewster's Hall, New Haven, the hall was not large enough to hold the crowd.

C. B. GRISTE having returned to Boston, from his late traveling excursion, can be engaged as advance agent.

FRANK RIVERS' OPERA HOUSE, at Altoona and Johnstown, Pa., are advertised to rent. From the particulars contained in the proprietor's card, they appear to be well adapted to the wants of the profession, being fitted up with modern conveniences and having stages with scenery.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS commenced a series of the *seances* at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, Oct. 1st.

COMBINATION TROUPES traveling West and South can make arrangements to play in New Albany, Ind., by addressing the manager of the Opera House as per advertisement.

MCMAHON'S HALL, New Milford, Conn., is advertised to rent; it seats about five hundred persons and has a stage.

AT MAJOR BURNELL'S MUSEUM, Pittsburgh, business has been excellent during the whole summer, we are informed, and among the curiosities on exhibition are Miss Lear, the armless lady; Herr Herpin, the bearded man; Maud Nora, glass blower; and the Educated Hog, who is performed daily by Johnny Clark.

THE CURIOSITY SIDE-SHOW at the Altoona, Pa., local fair, on Sept. 28th, 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st, was under the management of Kit Clarke, and did as big a business as was ever before done by a side-show in Pennsylvania. So says a correspondent, who adds:—"The receipts on the second day amounted to $1,400, and the total receipts amounted to a little over $2,000."

SNAKES.—Some healthy specimens are advertised for sale by P. Mooney, whose address find in another column.

STAUSON HALL, Middletown, Conn., will accomodate about one thousand persons, and has a stage, etc. Parties wishing to rent it, will find the proprietor's address in advertisement.

BILLY PASTOR'S COMBINATION, we are told, has been meeting with most excellent business through the Eastern country. They were, the past week, in Bath, Me., Lewiston, Biddeford, Dover, N. H., Haverhill, Mass., and Lawrence, and the route for this week is Concord, N. H., 4th; Lacenia, 5th; Manchester, 6th; Nashua, 7th; Fitchburg, 8th; and Worcester, 9th. The party are going into New York State.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS will be in New Albany, Ind., on the 27th and 28th inst.

THE BARTINE AND PELL COMBINATION, consisting of Charley Bartine, Frank Pell, Clay Allen, G. R. Dudley, W. H. Irvin, Master Johnny Reed, Millie Bartine, Eva Buckner, Minnie Carroll, J. P. Brinkley, A. J. Bond, N. S. Bryant and A. V. Blair, are to be in Mount Vernon, Ohio, on the 4th; Columbus, 5th; and Franklin, 6th.

PROF. ANDERSON, Jr., the wizard, was in Guelph, Ca., on the 1st inst.

PECK AND COAN, New Haven, Conn., advertise that they are prepared to sell reserved seats for Peck's Opera House, and attend to the wants of the profession generally.

Amateur.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of New York, have resumed business under the most flattering circumstances. All the old favorites of the club—some of them of over ten years' membership—are on the *role*, together with many new favorites of other clubs. Some of the most talented amateurs that New York has produced will delight the audiences during the coming winter. Among them are mentioned John Gilbert, Harry Hart, J. C. Warren, P. J. Healy, Meyer Elsas, Willie Lee, George H. Richards and others equally as well known. They have elected the following officers:—President and Vice President, George H. Richards and John Brogan; Stage Manager, J. M. Warren; Assistant Manager, M. Elsas; Treasurer, J. K. Hart; Secretary, E. J. Goodwin. They contemplate playing, during the present month, "The Wife" and the "Omnibus."

THE SHAKESPEARE, of Philadelphia, opened on the 23d of September, with "Meg's Diversion" and "Sudden Thoughts," to a full audience. Our correspondent says:—"The performance passed off very well indeed. Mr. Bartram (having recovered from his late illness) as Jeremy Crow, the old farmer, was excellent; Mr. Comber as Jaspar Comes in for a share of praise; Miss Macdonald as Meg was the life of the piece, playing the part in a truly creditable manner. In the afterpiece Mr. C. Comber, F. W. Hulfish and Mr. E. Bartram were particularly noticeable."

A BENEFIT to T. C. Faulkner, tendered by his amateur friends, comes off on the 7th inst., in Brooklyn, at Dramatic Hall (Burnham's old gymnasium), when "Paul Fry" and the "Tinker's Apprentice" will be played, besides singing and recitation, including W. H. Pope, in his recitations from "Manfred."

THE CINCINNATI DAVENPORT CLUB opened for the season on Friday last, October 1st, with "Damon and Pythias," J. E. Sherwood personating the first character, and Frank Hervey, Pythias. There was a large audience, principally of invited guests and honorary members..... The Woodward circle, of the same burgh, commences on Friday, the 8th, the programme being the "Love Chase" and "Don't Forget Your Opera Glasses." M. W. Dyer personates Wildrake; J. L. Boake, Waller; L. P. Bean, Sir William; Miss Kate Armstrong, Constance; Miss Mary L. Smith, Widow Green, and Miss S. E. Keeler, Lydia. In the farce, W. D. Gibson takes Plato Pottleton; Geo. Kinsey, Bunion; Miss V. A. Tingley, Mrs. Bunion, and Miss M. Cameron, Mrs. Gaddle.

THE AMATEURS of Canton, Ohio, performed "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and "Poor Pillicody" on Sept. 29th, with C. A. Lee as Joe Morgan. "The Maid of Croissy" was given on Oct. 1st.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.—Since our last advices from the metropolis the only event of note that has happened in the theatrical world has been the opening of the Globe Theatre, on Sept. 18th, with Robertson's comedy of "Progress."....."School" has drawn the customary crowded houses to the Prince of Wales'.....At the Royalty, for Mr. Dewar's benefit, on Sept. 15th, Mr. H. T. Craven appeared in his admirable drama of "Milky White," giving his comic impersonation of the deaf, irascible and unreasonable old milkman.....At Drury Lane, the Queen's and the Strand there has been no change..... The Christy Minstrels are increasing in favor at the Standard. One of their entertainments has consisted of the Bal d'Opera, in which G. W. Moore appears....."The Peep o' Day" is the principal attraction at the Royal Alfred. Mr. Sennett now appears as Kavanagh. This gentleman appears to be a favorite with the frequenters at this house.....At the Victoria the drama of "The Streets of Lambeth" has been revived with all its scenic effects. Mr. Marchant is Badger. The concluding piece has been "My Poll

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our NEWS Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line* the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for free and impartial opinions of our own opinions.
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A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in *advance*.
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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre street,
Cor. Leonard, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

MORRIS BROS.'
MINSTRELS,
ORGANIZED DEC. 14TH, 1857. Having sold their Opera House Boston, are now on their way to
OPEN THEIR OPERA HOUSE, ST. LOUIS,
NOV. 1ST, 1869.
LOOK AT THE TALENT:

LON MORRIS,	E. W. PRESCOTT.
BILLY MORRIS,	E. HOLMES.
CHARLEY MORRIS,	G. W. JACKSON,
MAST. LON MORRIS,	CHAS. KNOWLTON,
BILLY SWEATMAN,	WM. HENRI,
MAINSLEY SCHUTT,	E. KIRWAN,
HENRY YOUNG,	F. ADAMS,
ANDY CARLAND,	FRED EMERSON,
C. A. JONES,	J. HUMPHREY,

THE GREAT BERNADO, and the wonderful
LITTLE JUMPING JACK.
The Smallest Comedian in the World,
NINETEEN YEARS OLD AND TWO FEET HIGH.
THEIR ROUTE:
HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 29th,
BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 30th,
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 1st and 2d,
NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 4th,
TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 4th,
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Oct. 5th,
RAHWAY, N. J., Oct. 6th,
ELIZABETH, N. J., Oct. 7th,
PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 8th and 9th,
NEWBURGH, N. Y., Oct. 11th,
ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 12th, TROY, N. Y., Oct. 13th.
Those gentlemen's telegraph was answered, but none received in return. Telegraphs will reach us as above.
CHAS. A. JONES, Agent. CHAS. A. MORRIS, Treas.
LON MORRIS, Manager. 26-21*

AUTHORS HAVING A MS.
PLAY, suitable for a lady of Miss Maggie Mitchell's style, will hear of a purchaser by addressing W. A. M., CLIPPER office. It must be something of domestic interest and of sufficient length to constitute an evening's performance. 26-21*

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EVERY EVENING
after each act.
THE LAURIS
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THE BEST AND ONLY SUCCESSFUL TROUPE OF PANTOMIMISTS
who have appeared in this country since the Bavels. For engagements address GENESE & CO., International Dramatic and Musical Agency, 2 Irving Place, N. Y. 26-2t

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THE GRACEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL
LADY GYMNAST,
WILL BE AT LIBERTY
AFTER NOVEMBER 16th
TO NEGOTIATE WITH ALL RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS,
FOR SIX OR TWELVE NIGHTS.
Managers wishing to engage this artiste address
25-3t* JOHN HOLLAND, Jr., Business Manager, Middletown, O.

VICKSBURG THEATRE.
The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the Vicksburg Theatre will please assemble for rehearsal October 10th, the regular season commencing October 14th.
JOHN A. ELEVENS,
Lessee and Manager,
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EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS, AND HER DAUGHTER,
ANNIE WORLAND,
who rides a splendid Leaping Act, Leaps a Twelve Foot Banner,
DOES THE BEST TIGHT ROPE OF ANY GIRL
IN THE PROFESSION, AND THE BEST WARDROBE.
Would like to engage to Responsible Managers for the winter season. Address care of Clipper office. 25-tf*

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Levi J. North), Bareback Hurdle Rider, can be engaged for long or short period; has his own horse. Address 254 Sixth street, New York. 25-tf*

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A FEMALE VOCALIST.
Must be good looking, have a good figure, and have good wardrobe.
Also, A FIRST-RATE END MAN
who can do a good song and dance, and make himself generally useful.
The above can get a good engagement for three months or longer if satisfactory to both parties. None but first-class talent need apply.
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A LADY
of respectable standing as an artist, and otherwise competent to instruct and manage an Amateur Dramatic Company, and also give instructions in dancing, may find it to her interest to address
26-4t BOX 20, Canton, Ohio.

CITY HALL,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
IS BEING ENTIRELY
REMODELED AND RENOVATED THROUGHOUT
at a cost of $10,000, and will be completed Oct. 30th, 1869, and then
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SEATING CAPACITY 2,000,
AND ON THE GROUND FLOOR
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When completed will have no superior in the New England States. 25 Three Sheet Bill Boards will be erected for the exclusive use of this house, without charge, in the most eligible places in town.
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or CORY BROTHERS, Bill Posters, Music Dealers,
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TO MANAGERS,
NEIL WARNER, Tragedian, having dates still open for the season of 1869-70, would be pleased to negotiate with responsible managers. Address W. J. MACDOUGALL, Agent,
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OF FIRST CLASS VARIETIES AND THEATRES
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ADA FRANKLIN,
the talented protean Actress and Vocalist, and
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ALL THE GREATEST SENSATIONS OF THE DAY PRESENTED IN RAPID SUCCESSION.
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THIS ESTABLISHMENT NOW OPEN
AND MEETING WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS!
HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY!
WANTED AT ALL TIMES,
FIRST CLASS TALENT.
DANSEUSES, PRINCIPALS AND SECONDS,
BALLET GIRLS (GOOD DRESSERS),
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
VOCALISTS, GYMNASTS,
AND ALL KIND OF NOVELTIES.
NONE BUT FIRST CLASS ARTISTS EMPLOYED.
NO RAILROAD FARES PAID. SALARIES SURE.
NO WINE ROOM ATTACHED TO THE THEATRE.
MATINEES GIVEN SATURDAY
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Address WILLIAM E. SINN,
Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, or his Agents,
LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
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SHAW'S NEW HALL, BIDDEFORD, ME.
Best in the state. Biddeford an ; also 24,000 inhabitants.—Only $30 a Night. No license. CAPT. IVORY GOODWIN, Lessee. 25-3m*

JAMES TAYLOR,
CHAMPION COMIQUE,
Has terminated his successful Canadian tour and opened at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 27th of September. He is now ready to negotiate with managers for the
FALL AND WINTER SEASON
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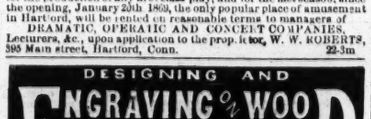

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